



SPECK, SPOT & SIS



THE CADET



THE CHAMELEON

August



T

A

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G

E

T



TARGET COMICS

10¢

VICTORY
IS OUR
TARGET!

AND HELP
THE
RED CROSS
TOO!

by
VINCENT

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS



VOL. 3 No. 6



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

BUY A SHARE IN AMERICA—BUY SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

Dear Readers:

You and you and you can do your part for Uncle Sam! He's your Uncle Sam and he has a job on his hands. There is no need to ask if you want to help him put over this big deal. We know that you're ready to go "all out" for his cause. Many of you already are doing your part in his armed forces, others are producing tools for the fighting men, and still others among our older readers are holding the home fort tight for victory.

Here's how the rest of you can get behind the men behind the guns and push for a victorious fight to the finish. Save each penny, turn them into dimes and buy Uncle Sam's Savings Stamps and Bonds. Read Secretary Morgenthau's letter on the back cover of this magazine. If you haven't enough pennies to turn into dimes to buy Stamps and Bonds, then show some ingenuity, be an American and get out and earn them. What greater "kick" can you get than knowing that You are actually shouldering some of Uncle Sam's great responsibility.

Where can you earn some money? Well, here's one good way that's doubly helpful to your country. Collect scrap metals and waste paper. Take it out of the cellar, the attic, the baskets and cans at home, search for it around the neighborhood. There are collection centers near you where these materials will be purchased from you and—BINGO!—there's one, two, three, and many more dimes rolling into your lap. Uncle Sam gets the scrap materials which he badly needs for victory and he gets the money which you loan him when you buy Savings Stamps. Do you see how this helps him twice?

In the past TARGET and BLUE BOLT Comics have been sending a dollar to the writer of each letter that has been published on the Ye Editors' Pages. From now on, the Editors are going to send ten 10c Defense Stamps for each letter that we publish on these pages and each month we will print some of the best letters telling us how you and you and you have been able to earn money with which to buy a share in America by buying United States Defense Stamps and Bonds.

FALL IN! COMPANY, 'TEN-SHUN! FORWARD MARCH TO VICTORY

Dear Editors:

In your April issue of TARGET Comics on Ye Editors' Page, I read Jeanne Leyda's opinion of "Spacehawk." I sincerely agree with Jeanne Leyda's correction, except that "Spacehawk" could possibly be true. There are already advanced scientific experiments on both spaceships and gravity belts, so as you see "Spacehawk" does not have to be altogether fantastic.

Yours truly,
Paul Sanislo
Maple Heights, Ohio

—(You are right, Paul, about Spacehawk not being nearly as fantastic as he appears. Readers who follow the newspapers and magazines closely will often read about actual scientific achievements very similar to the feats Spacehawk performs.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

Just a line to let you know that we like the TARGET also, since we believe that "a little nonsense now and then is

relished by the best of men," but it isn't all "nonsense". That's why I'm writing you.

You could never realize what a great lifesaver the Last of the Mohicans is to me, especially since I was on a committee to help dramatize the book. Your "Retold in Pictures" solves all the headache and I'm grateful to you. Thanks a million.

I like Speck, Spot, and Sis, especially in Vol. 3, No. 3. Give us more of the same. Oh yes, I enjoyed the Bull's Eye Bill, The Cadet, and I might say practically all of TARGET—else why would I spend ten cents for it?

Most sincerely,
Your friend
N. B. White
Lebanon, Indiana

—(A letter like this does make us feel good!)

* * *

Dear Editors:

Here in the U. S. Army Air Corps, all of the fellows try to seek some form of entertainment after work hours.

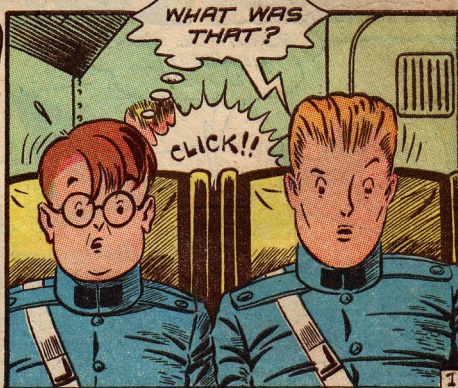
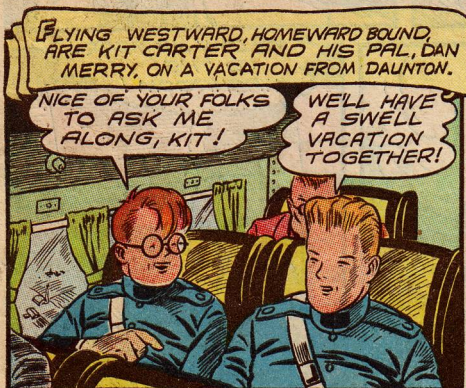
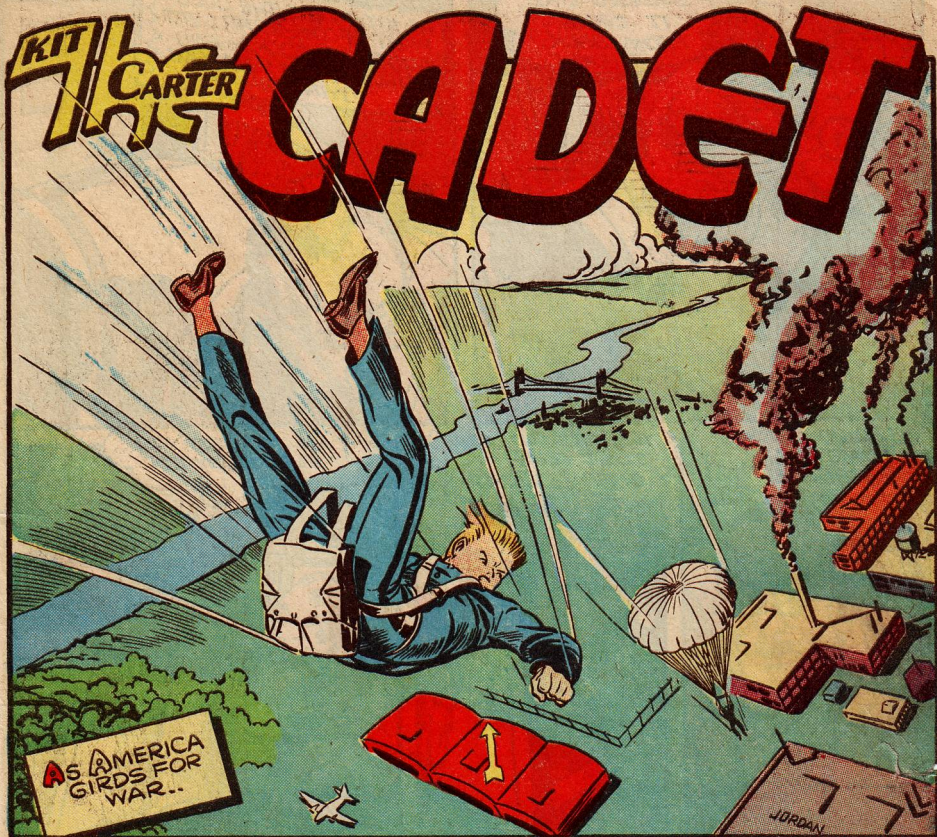
There's the radio, the movies, and books and magazines. Among the magazines, number one favorites are the comic books. All of the gang agree on this, too. Mine, and quite a few of the other fellows' favorite is TARGET Comics. The main reason is the Target and the Targeters. The other is because all of the comics are expertly drawn by your artists and the stories are amusing—soothing our war nerves. So until next month's issue which we are waiting for now,

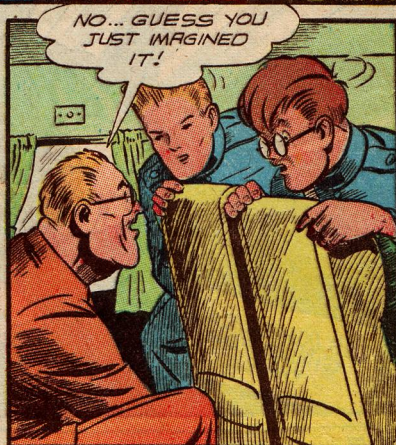
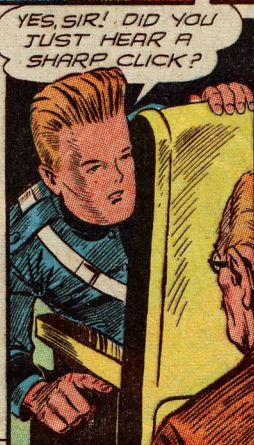
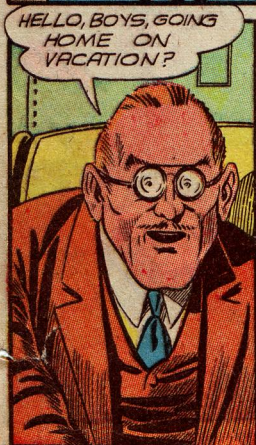
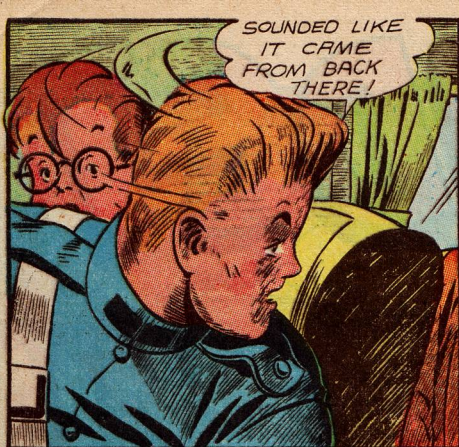
KEEP 'EM FLYING

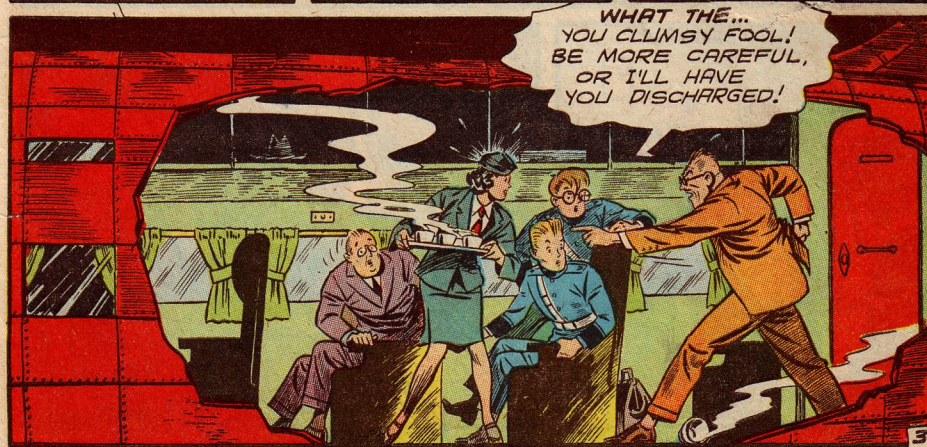
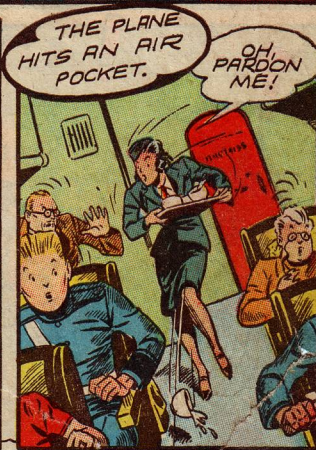
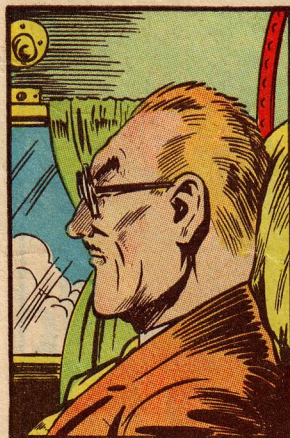
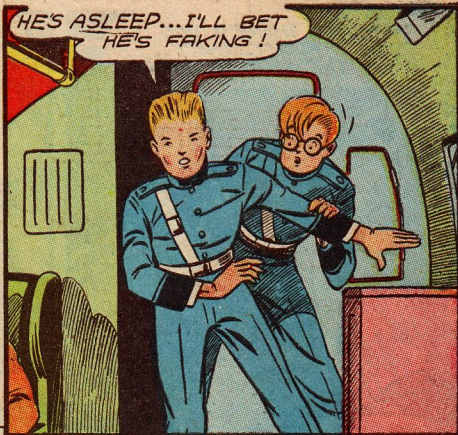
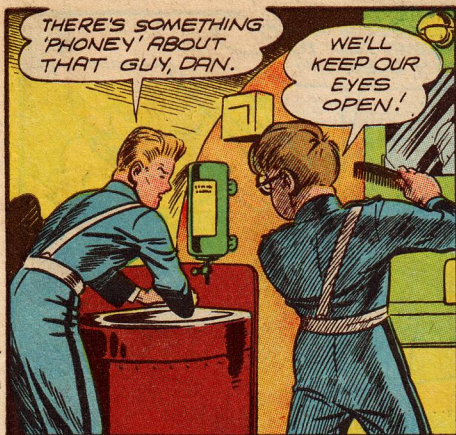
Corp. Peter P. Ruplenas
Manchester, N. H.

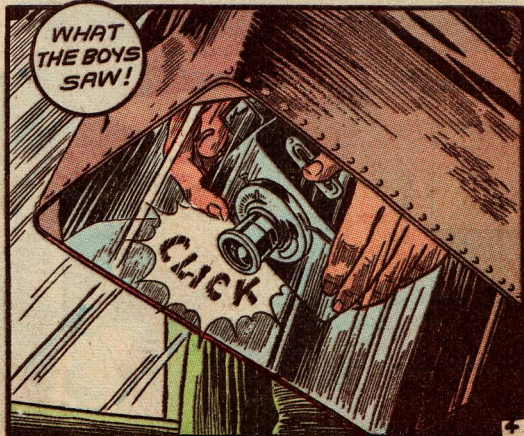
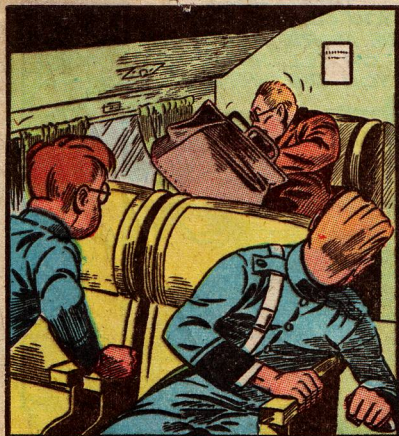
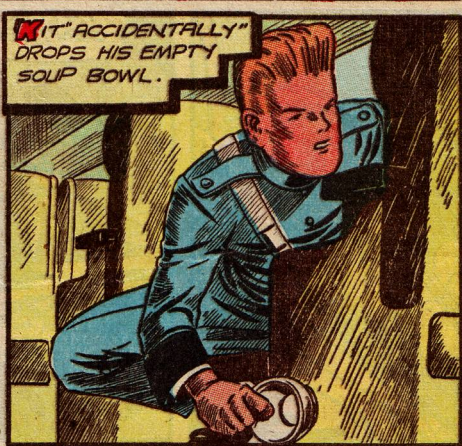
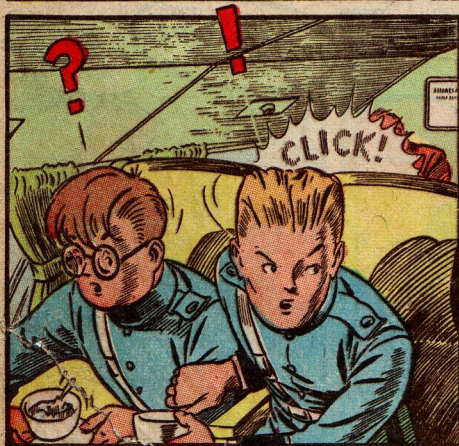
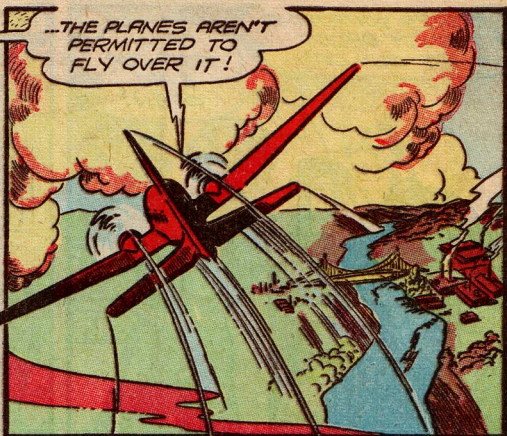
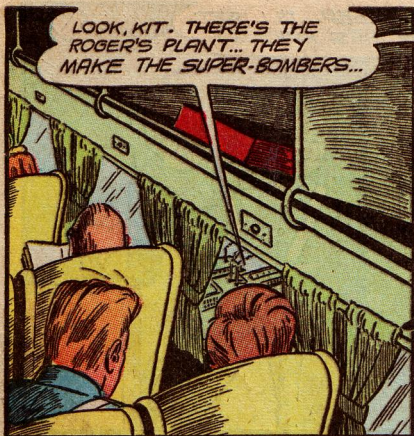
—(Thanks Corporal, when the TARGET Comic entertainment is over and the real "target" appears in that bomb sight, just send this message with the bomb to a direct hit on your objective, "We'll never miss our TARGET." We know several hundred thousand readers, who are getting solidly behind you and your buddies with their dimes, will appreciate it.

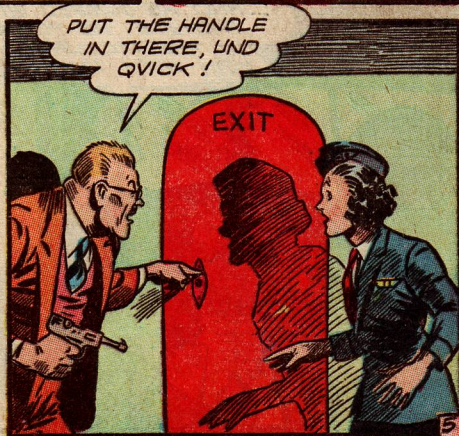
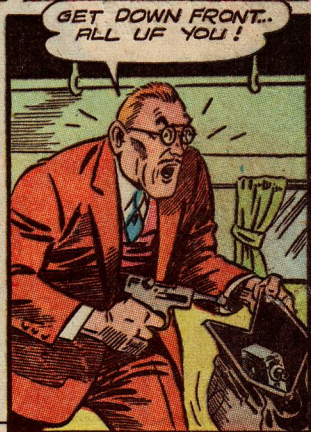
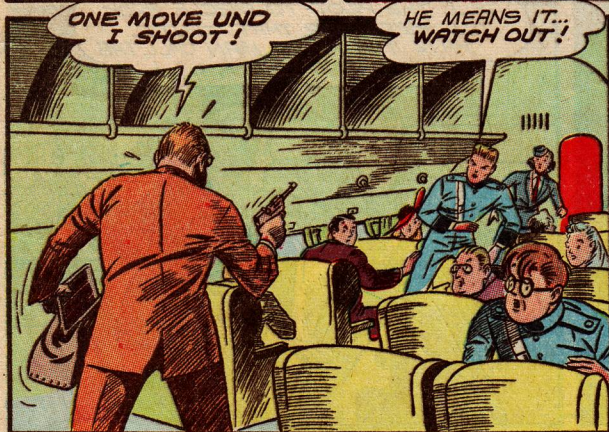
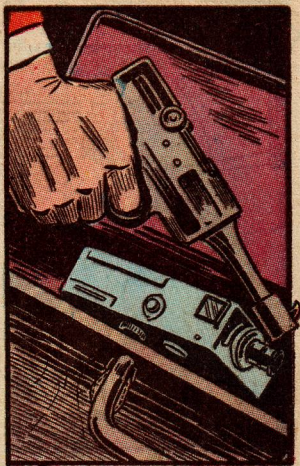
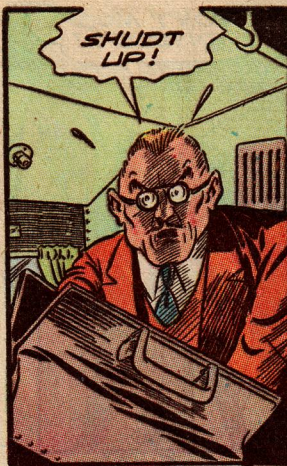
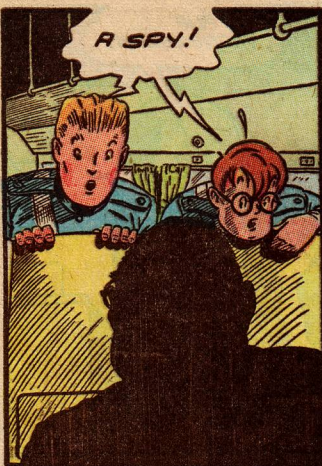
ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



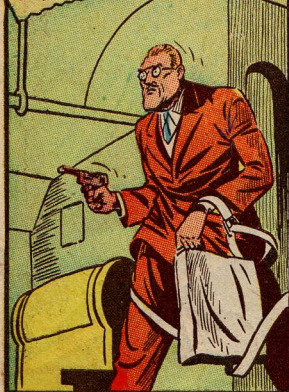




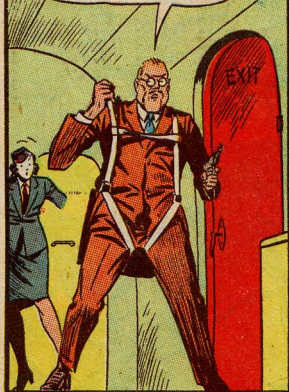




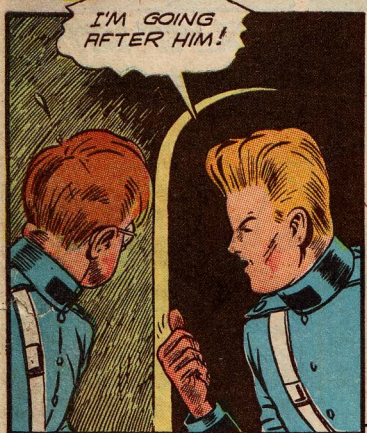
THE SPY GRABS A PARACHUTE, AND...



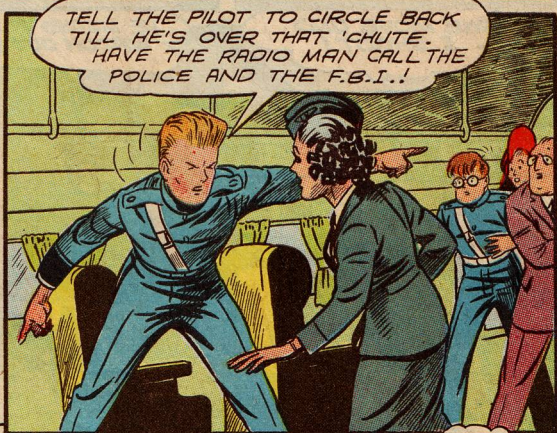
DON'T MOOF, ANYBODY!



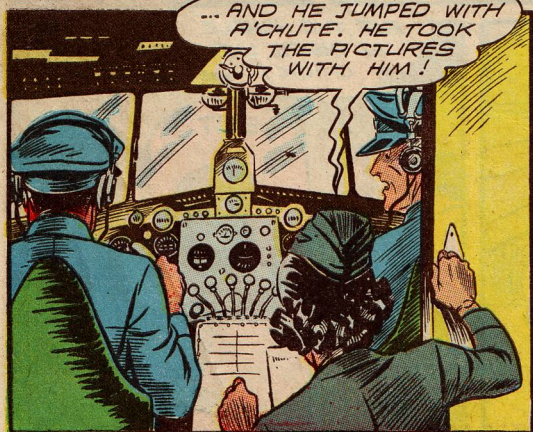
AUF WIEDERSEHN!



I'M GOING AFTER HIM!



TELL THE PILOT TO CIRCLE BACK TILL HE'S OVER THAT 'CHUTE. HAVE THE RADIO MAN CALL THE POLICE AND THE F.B.I..!



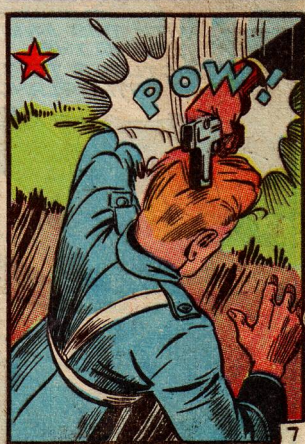
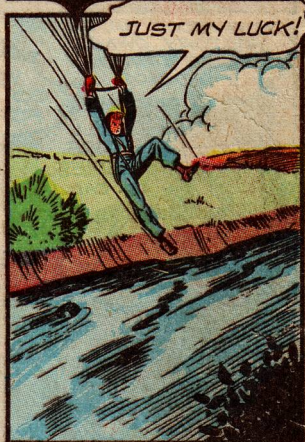
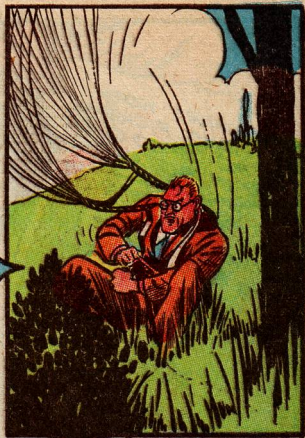
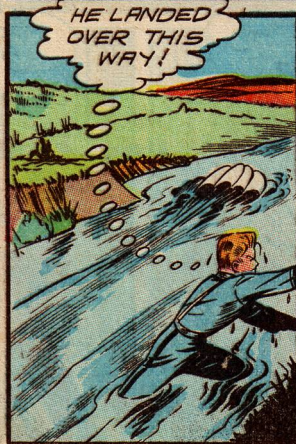
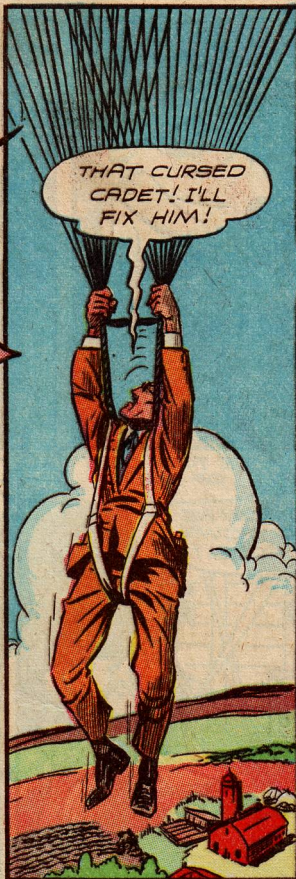
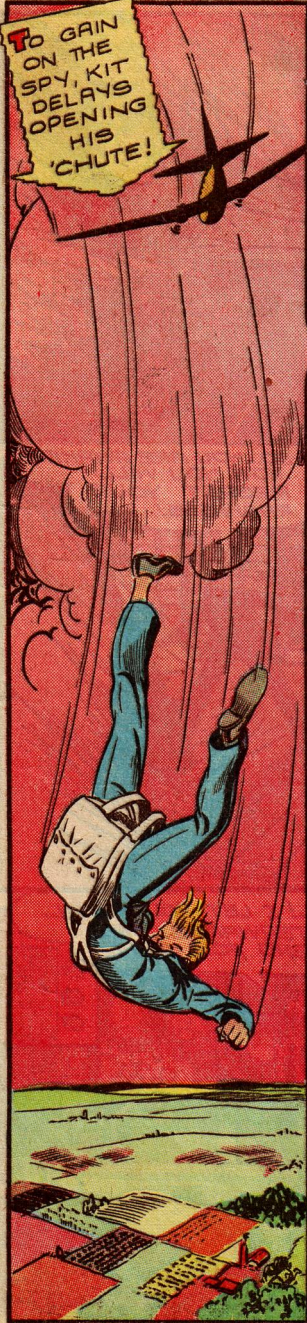
... AND HE JUMPED WITH A 'CHUTE. HE TOOK THE PICTURES WITH HIM!

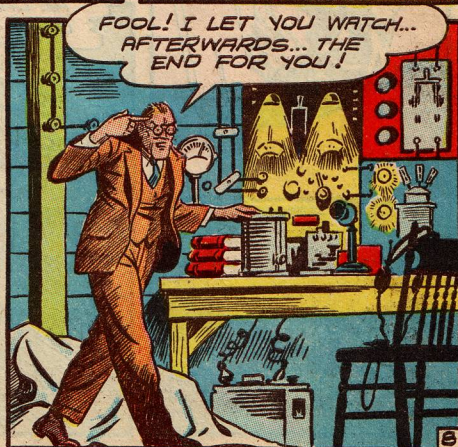
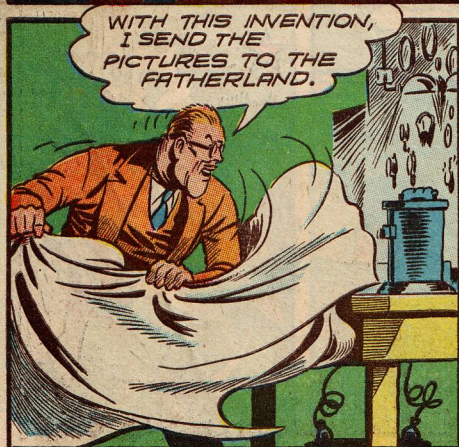
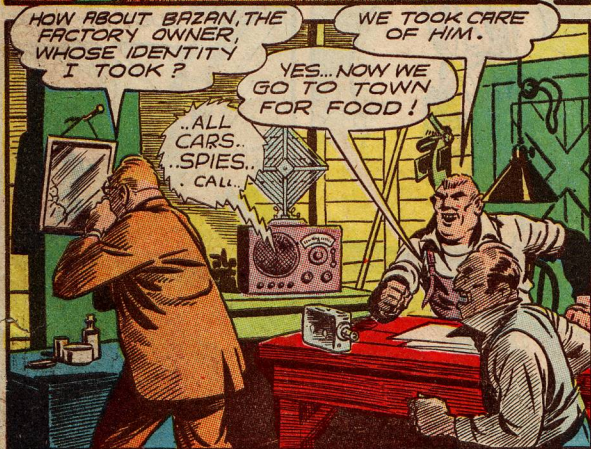
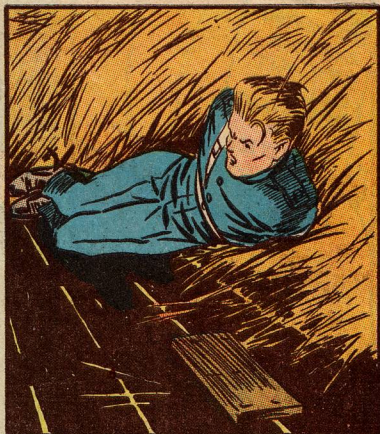
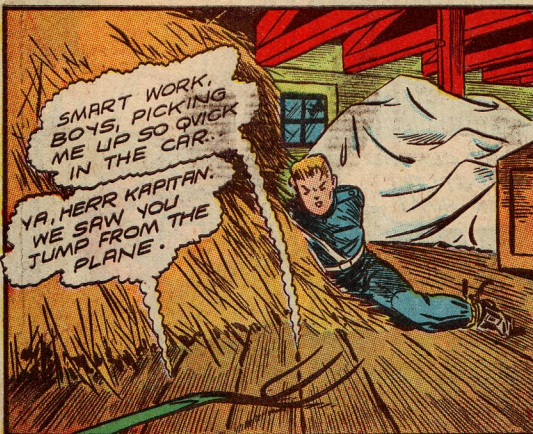


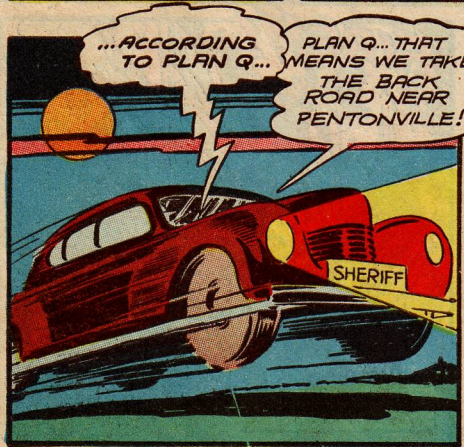
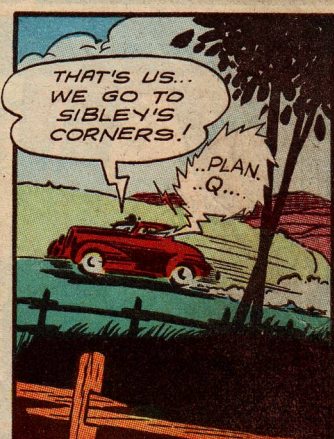
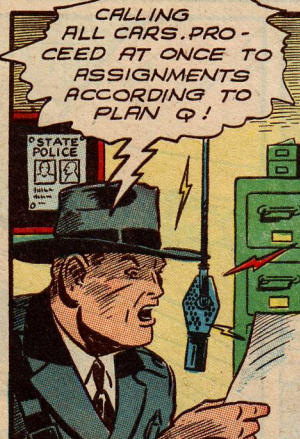
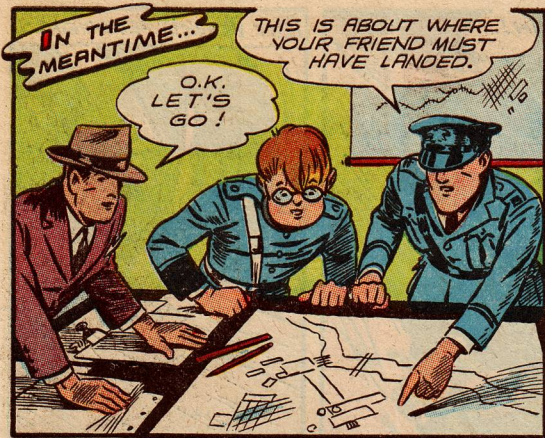
GOOD LUCK, KIT!

WELL... HERE I GO...

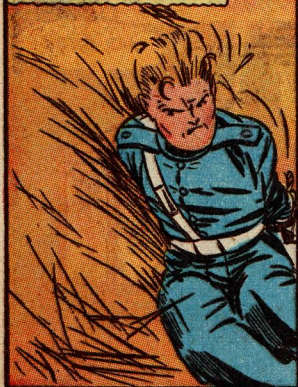
TO GAIN
ON THE
SPY, KIT
DELAYS
OPENING
HIS
'CHUTE!



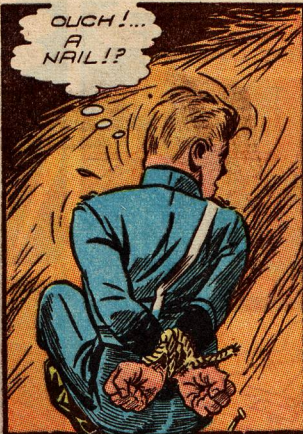




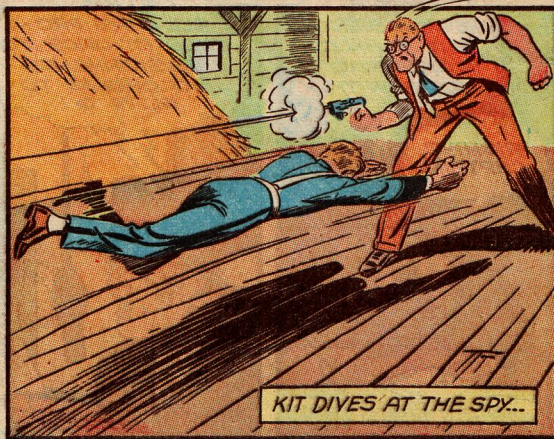
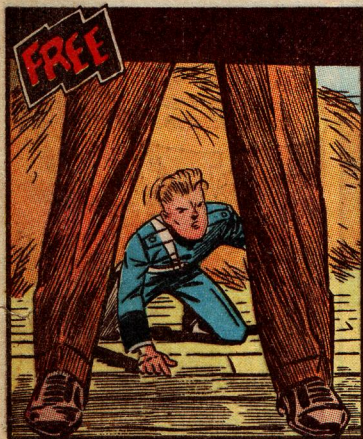
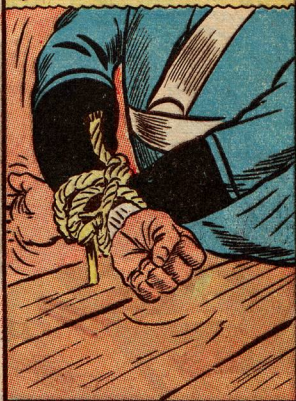
**KIT STRUGGLES TO
FREE HIMSELF!**



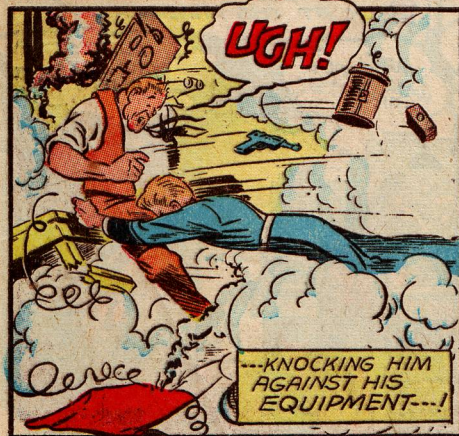
**OUCH!...
A
NAIL!?**



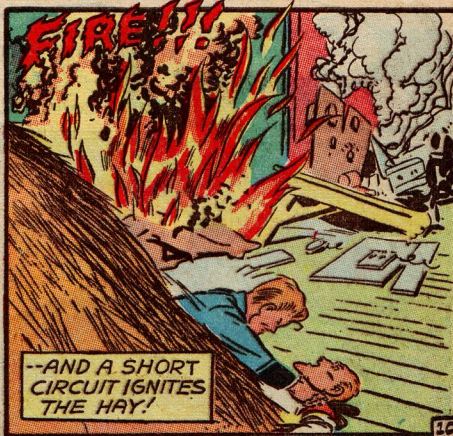
KIT WORKS FEVERISHLY.



KIT DIVES AT THE SPY...



**---KNOCKING HIM
AGAINST HIS
EQUIPMENT---**



**--AND A SHORT
CIRCUIT IGNITES
THE HAY!**



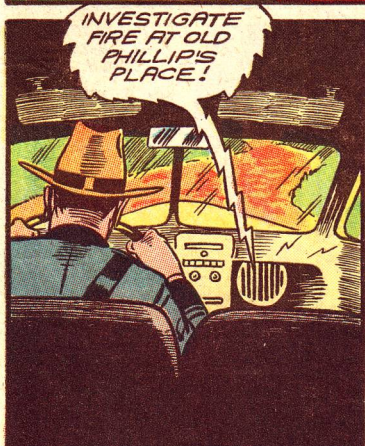
SMOKING
SUNBEAMS!
LOOK, CAPTAIN...
A FIRE!

MAYBE IT'S A SIGNAL
FROM KIT! WE'LL
INVESTIGATE!

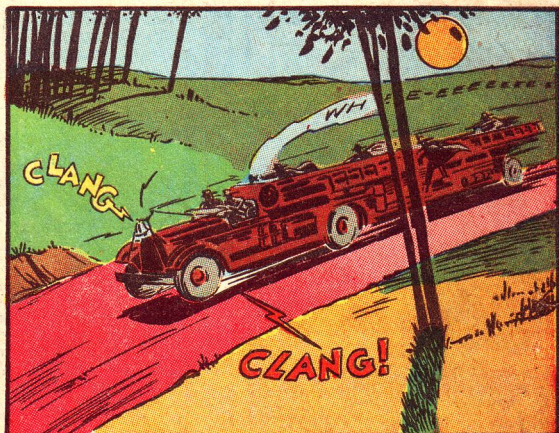


YEOW!

SOCK!

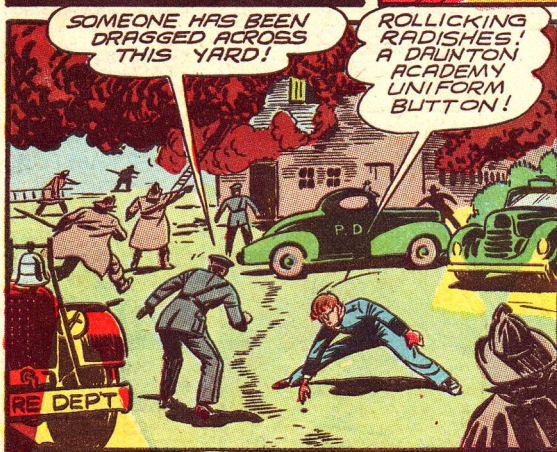


INVESTIGATE
FIRE AT OLD
PHILLIPS PLACE!



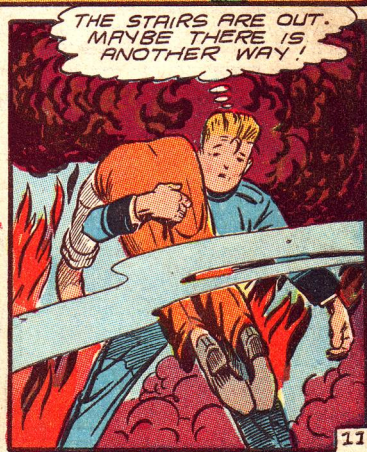
CLANG!

CLANG!



SOMEONE HAS BEEN
DRAGGED ACROSS
THIS YARD!

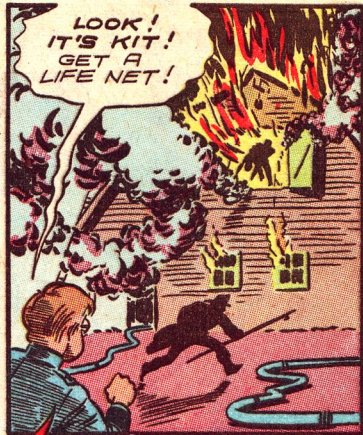
ROLICKING
RADISHES!
A DAUNTON
ACADEMY
UNIFORM
BUTTON!



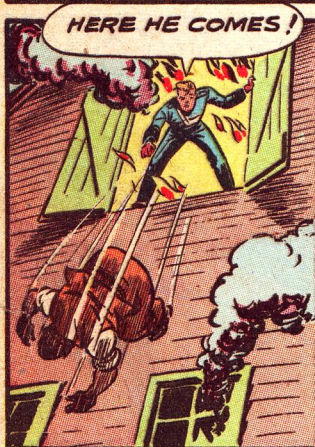
THE STAIRS ARE OUT.
MAYBE THERE IS
ANOTHER WAY!



THAT PLACE IS
AN INFERNO...
IT'S HOPELESS!



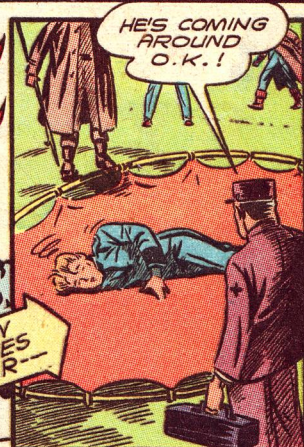
LOOK!
IT'S KIT!
GET A
LIFE NET!



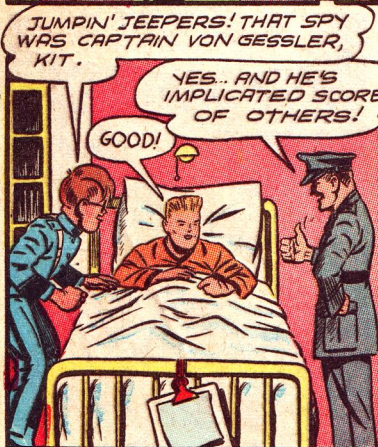
HERE HE COMES!



AND HERE I
GO AGAIN!
PHEW...SMOKE...
GOSH--I'M DIZZY...
UGH...!



HE'S COMING
AROUND
O.K.!



JUMPIN' JEEPERS! THAT SPY
WAS CAPTAIN VON GESSLER,
KIT.

YES... AND HE'S
IMPLICATED SCORES
OF OTHERS!

GOOD!



WITH BOYS LIKE YOU,
KIT... AMERICA
NEVER NEED FEAR
HER ENEMIES!

RIGHT!
... AND YOU'LL
NEVER WANT FOR
ACTION
WITH
KIT CARTER
THE
CADET
IN
TARGET
COMICS!

THE TARGET and the TARGETEERS

by SID GREENE



"--- WELL, AFTER THE NOTICE ON THE BULLETIN BOARD, I SAID TO MY FRIEND ALEX ROHLBEIRGH: (HE HAD FLED HITLER'S REIGN OF TERROR AND JOINED THE U.S. NAVY)!"

HEY, AL! C'MON IN HERE! WE'LL HAVE AN ICE CREAM SODA --MAYBE TWO!

O.K.! I'M WITH YOU!

BOY! DER AMERICAN GIRLS ARE PRETTY!

WHILE THEY ARE DRINKING THEIR SODAS, A WAITRESS APPROACHES ALEX AND SPEAKS TO HIM...

YES, MY NAME IS ROHLBEIRGH... WHAT OF IT?

THERE'S A MAN SITTING AT THAT BOOTH IN THE CORNER. HE WANTS TO SPEAK TO YOU!

WELL, WE'VE GOT SIX HOURS' SHORE LEAVE, ALEX. WHAT SAY WE GO SEE A MOVIE OR SOMETHIN'?

YAH--DAT'S A GOOD IDEA --DAVE-- LET'S GO!

NOTICE
All personnel must be on board by 9PM.
SHIP LEAVES TONIGHT FOR WAR ZONE.
SIX HOUR SHORE LEAVE GRANTED.
Capt. Crowley



EXCUSE ME, DAVE! I'LL SEE WHAT HE WANTS UND BE RIGHT BACK.

SURE ALEX, GO AHEAD!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

YAH, ROHLBEIRGH, SIT DOWN! UND LISTEN! I HAFF NO TIME TO WASTE!

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, ROHLBEIRGH! YOU ESCAPED FROM DER FODDERLAND TO AMERICA. DER FEUHRER HAS A JOB FOR YOU, UND UNLESS YOU DO IT, GREAT HARM WILL COME TO YOUR SISTER!



WHO ARE YOU? YOU CANNOD INTIMIDATE ME! I AM UN AMERICAN CITIZEN! UND, AS FOR MY SISTER, SHE IS SAFE IN SWITZERLAND WHERE I LEFT HER AFTER I ESCAPED!

SID DOWN, ROHLBEIRGH --DON'T MAKE A SCENE! I VARN YOU!

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS! I'M A MEMBER OF THE GESTAPO! AS FOR YOUR SISTER, SHE WAS SMUGGLED OUT OF SWITZERLAND THREE MONTHS AGO, UND AT THIS MOMENT, SHE'S A HALF-HOUR'S RIDE FROM HERE!

I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU!

UNLESS I SEE HER FOR MYSELF, I'LL DO NOTHING YOU ASK!

GOOT! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO HER NOW!



DAVE, THIS IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY FAMILY! HE WANTS ME TO VISIT HIS PARENTS, SO I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO DER MOVIES ALONE. YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU?

NO, NO! THAT'S OKAY, ALEX! BUT, BE BACK TO THE SHIP IN TIME!

AS ALEX AND THE STRANGER LEAVE...

THERE'S SOMETHIN' MIGHTY STRANGE GOIN' ON, SOMETHIN' M-I-G-H-T-Y S-T-R-A-N-G-E!

HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED, DAVE GOES INTO ACTION...

FOLLOW THAT CAR, BUD, AND DON'T LET 'EM SEE YOU!

OKAY, SAILOR! HOP IN!

IN THE SPEEDING GESTAPO AGENT'S CAR...

TSK-TSK!... YOUR SAILOR FRIEND INSISTS ON FOLLOWING US! YOU WILL SOON SEE HOW OUR NEW ORDER DOES AWAY MIT SNOOPERS!

LEAFE HIM ALONE! HE KNOWS NOTHING!

SOON THE SPY'S HEADQUARTERS ARE REACHED, WHERE ALEX HOPES TO FIND HIS SISTER...

GO ON! GET INSIDE!

IF MY SISTER ISN'T INSIDE, I'LL BASH YOUR BRAINS OUT MIT MY BARE HANDS!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

I SAW WHERE THEY WENT. HERE, NOW-- SCRAM-- I'LL WALK THE REST OF THE WAY!

OKAY, GOB! I HOPE Y'KNOW WHAT YER DOIN'!

BACK AT THE HOUSE...

THERE! THERE'S YOUR SISTER! NOW YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME!

FRIEDA! FRIEDA! MEIN SCHWESTER!

ALEX! ALEX!

NOW! IF YOU WANT YOUR SISTER TO STAY HEALTHY, YOU WILL DO AS I SAY!

ALL RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

TONIGHT, DER SHIP YOU'RE ON, DER U.S.S. "BROOKLYN," LEAVES SAN DIEGO -- YOU WILL BE ON IT, WEARING THIS SET OF BATTERIES AROUND YOUR WAIST.

BATTERIES? WHAT ARE THEY FOR?

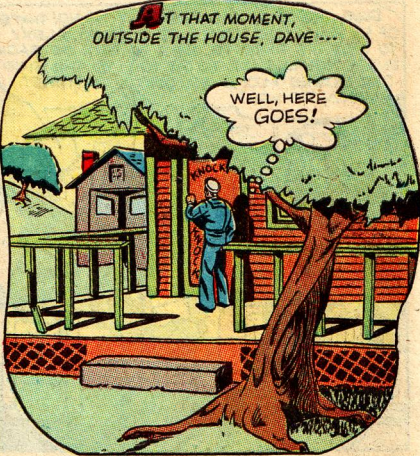


DER BATTERIES GENERATE AN ELECTRIC CURRENT. FIVE MILES OUT, IN DER PACIFIC, A GERMAN U-BOAT WILL BE WAITING! DER "U-BOAT'S" RADIO WILL PICK UP DER CURRENT AND KNOW WHEN DER SHIP IS NEAR ENOUGH TO FIRE TORPEDOES, AND SINK IT!



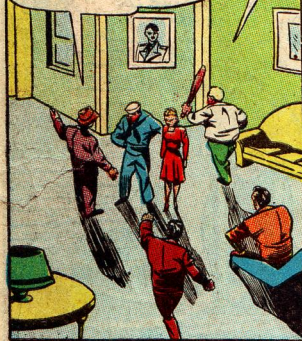
AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, DAVE ...

WELL, HERE GOES!



AH, THAT MUST BE YOUR FRIEND, ALEX. LET HIM IN, HERMAN, BUT BRING HIM HERE WIT ALL DER FIGHT OUT OF HIM!

YAH, SCHULTZ! COME, BOYS!



IS MY FRIEND ALEX HERE? I CAME TO --- OUCH!

FIX HIM! FIX HIM! GOOT!



DAVE BATTLES THE NAZI RODENTS MERCILESSLY. HIS POUNDING FISTS LEAVE THEIR MARK!

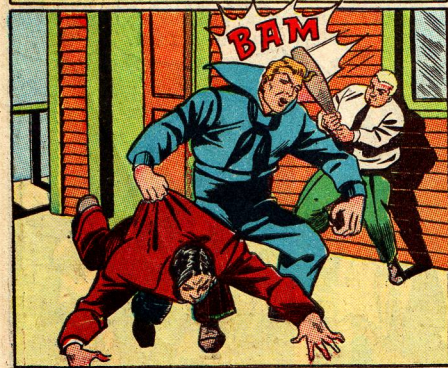
NICE PARENTS ALEX'S FRIEND HAS!

AGH!



BUT HE IS OUTNUMBERED AND HIS FOE, LIKE ALL GOOD NAZIS, DO NOT FIGHT FAIRLY!

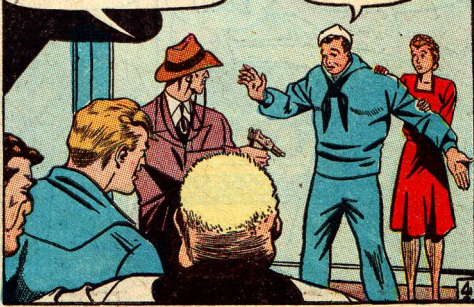
BAM

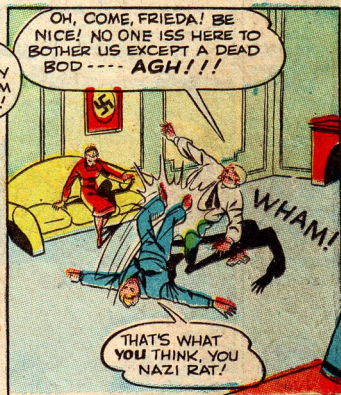
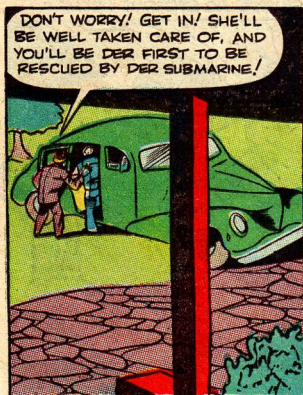


A FEW MOMENTS LATER --- DAVE COMES TO ---

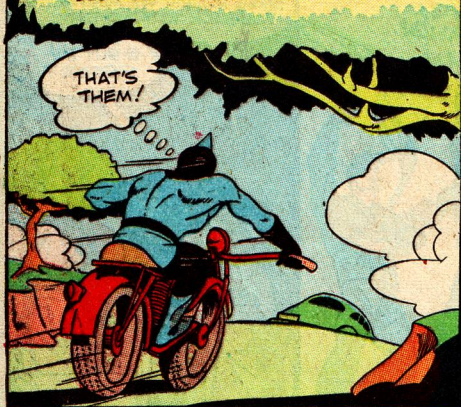
YOU STUCK YOUR NOSE IN DER FEUHRER'S BUSINESS ONCE TOO OFTEN. HERE, ALEX! SHOOT DER SNOOPER!

NO! I CAN'T! I CAN'T! HE'S MY FRIEND!

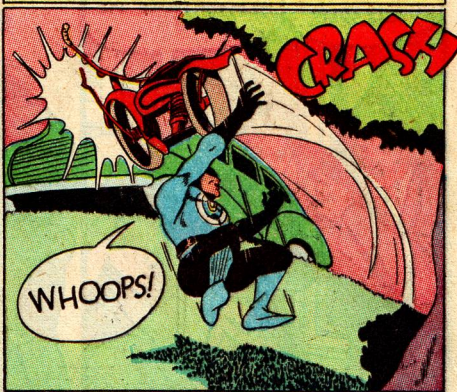




SPEEDING AT A TERRIFIC PACE, DAVE
SOON OVERTAKES THE SPIES' CAR...



SPEEDING AHEAD OF THE CAR, DAVE JUMPS
AND LETS THE MOTORCYCLE CRASH INTO
THE FOREIGN AGENTS' CAR!

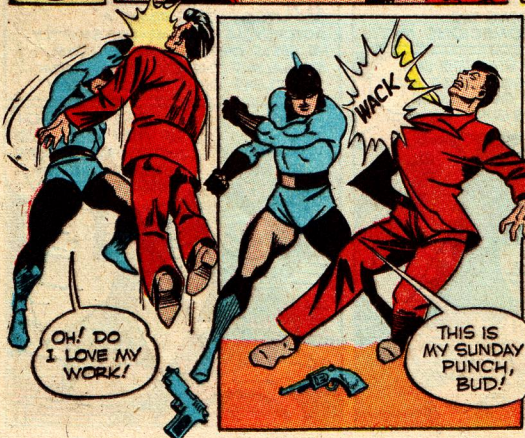
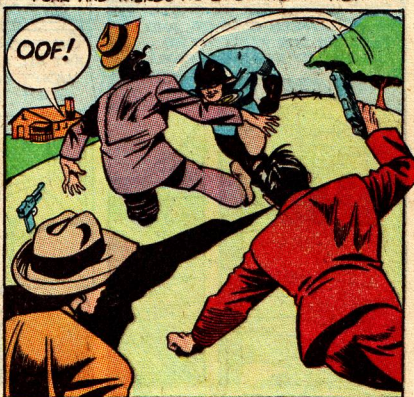


THEIR
CAR
STOPPED,
THE GESTAPO
AGENTS
SWARM OUT,
THEIR GUNS
BLAZING!

BUT THEIR
BULLETS
FAIL TO
PIERCE
THE
TARGETER'S
UNIFORM!

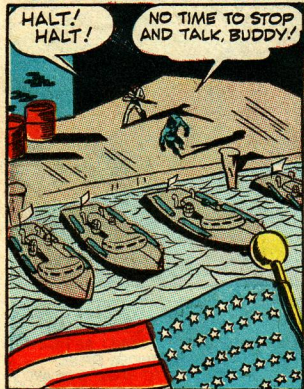


THE TARGETER'S ANGER HAS REACHED ITS
PEAK AND THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM NOW---





DAVE IS SIGHTED BY A GUARD AS HE RACES TOWARD A GROUP OF "PT" BOATS ...



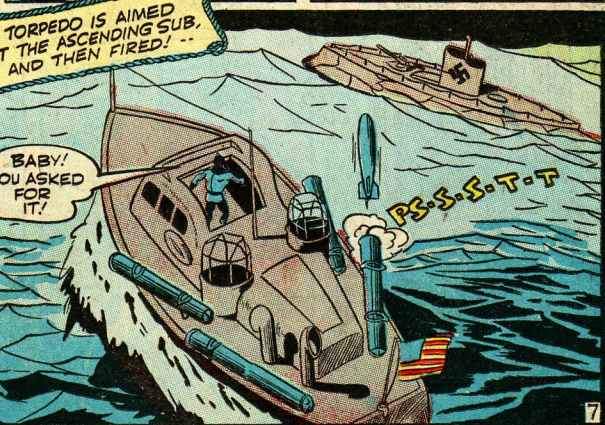
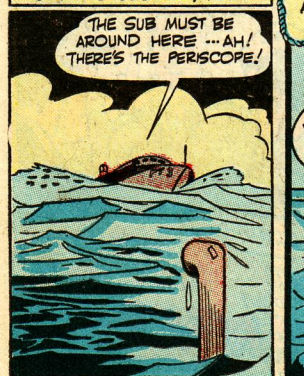
AS DAVE SPEEDS AWAY-- BULLETS ZING OVER HIS HEAD! ...



FIVE MILES OUT AT SEA, UNDER THE OCEAN -- MINUTES LATER ...



DAVE, MEANWHILE, IS GETTING CLOSER, TOO!



A DIRECT HIT!
IT'S A BULL'S-EYE
FOR THE TARGETEER
AND THE U.S. NAVY!



SO FAR,
SO GOOD!
NOW IF I CAN
GET OUT OF
HERE--
UH--OH!



HEY--YOU!
OUCH!

SORRY! GOT AN
ERRAND I'DO FOR
MY UNCLE SAM!

OVER THE FENCE HE LEAPS,
TO FIND THE CAR HE
CAME IN STILL THERE!



NOW TO GET
BACK TO
ALEX!

BACK IN THE GARAGE--WHERE
HE LEFT HIS NAVY UNIFORM!



I SAW POLICE CARS
OUTSIDE! THE COPS
MUST'VE GOTTEN THE
SPIES BY NOW!

HELLO,
FOLKS!



INSIDE...
YOUR SISTER SAID
THAT GUY GOT UP AND
WALKED OUT! HOW
COULD HE BE DEAD?

YOU'VE GOT
TO ARREST
ME! I KILLED
HIM! I SHOT
STRAIGHT AT HIM
--I TELL YOU!



THAT'S
HIM,
OFFICER!

HE'S THE LIVINGEST DEAD
GUY I EVER SAW! YOU
MUST BE TIRED AFTER
CATCHING THOSE SPIES!
GO BACK TO YOUR SHIP AND
SLEEP IT OFF!

NEXT MONTH--

BOY!
WHAT
ACTION!

THE MARINES
LAND WITH TOM BROWN,
THE OTHER TARGETEER!

TARGET
COMICS



BULL'S-EYE BILL

WEIRD LOOKIN'
ISLAND OVER THERE,
EH, PANCHO?

YES, BEE!
VERY!

BILL AND HIS ARGENTINE
PAL, PANCHO, HAVE
ARRIVED AT THE COAST
OF EQUADOR IN THEIR
LONG GOOD WILL
TOUR!

THE FEEL AND SMELL
OF THE OCEAN WINDS
ARE STRANGE TO THE TWO
PRAIRIE MEN! ...

JOHN DALY

WHAT
DO THEY
CALL THAT
PLACE,
PANCHO?

"THE ISLE OF
TORTURED MEN!"
AT LOW TIDE, AS YOU SEE,
THAT BROAD BAR OF
SAND AND ROCKS
LEADS OUT THERE--BUT
I WOULD NOT CARE
TO GO!

IN THE OLD DAYS
IT WAS THE ABODE OF
PIRATES! THEY BROUGHT
MANY CAPTIVES THERE AND
TORTURED THEM. IF THEY
COULD PRODUCE NO RANSOM, THEY
WERE SLAIN! ON THE ISLAND
PIRATES HID THEIR
ILL-GOTTEN
GAINS!

BURIED
TREASURE!
BOY!
WHAT ARE
WE
WAITIN'
FOR?
LET'S
GO!

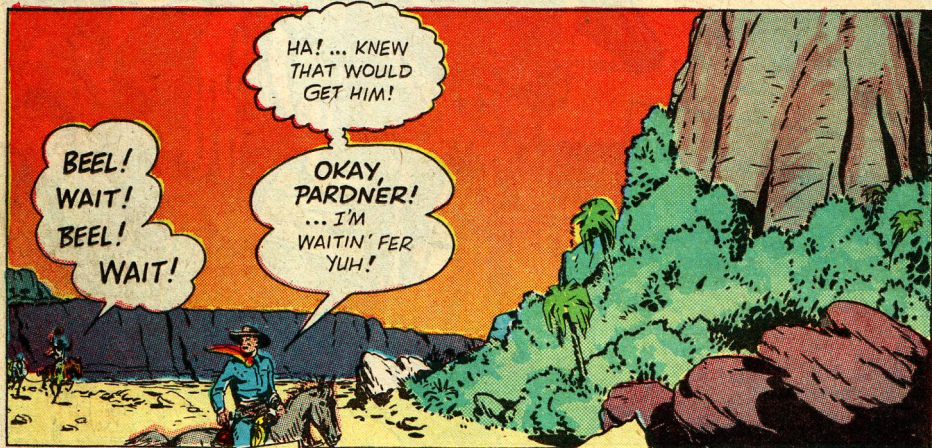
DESPITE BILL'S INSISTENCE, PANCHO DECIDES NOT TO GO TO THE ISLAND!

I WARN
YOU, BEEL! THEES
ISLAND EES
HAUNTED!

BUSHWAGH!
I'LL GO, MYSELF!
ANYTHING I'M AFRAID
OF HAS GOTTA HAVE
MORE GUTS THAN
GHOSTS!

BUT A FEW MINUTES
LATER ...

BEEL HAS
FORGOT I HAVE
ALL THE SUPPLIES. WHEN
THE TIDE COMES IN, HE
CANNOT GET BACK! I
**MUST GO! I CANNOT
BE A COWARD!**



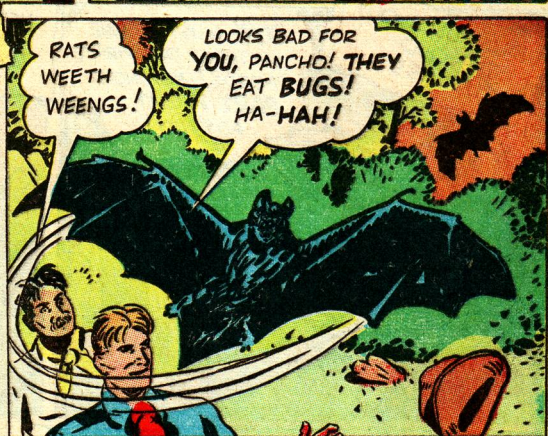
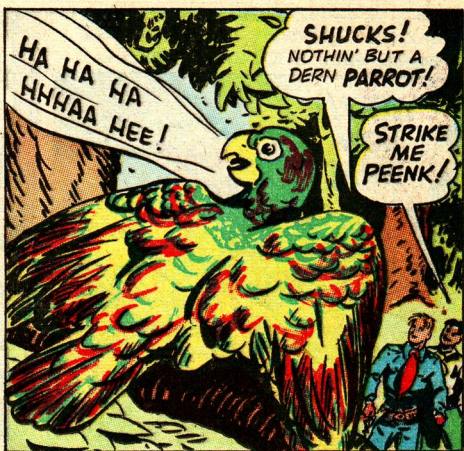
WHILE PANCHO PICKETS
THE HORSES BILL
COOKS SUPPER ...

COME AND GET
IT, PANCHO!...
TAKES STRENGTH
TO FACE
GHOSTS!

Suddenly...

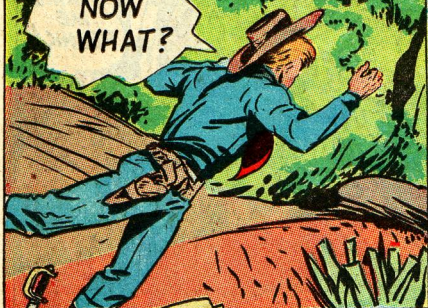
HA HA
HA HA
HA HEE!





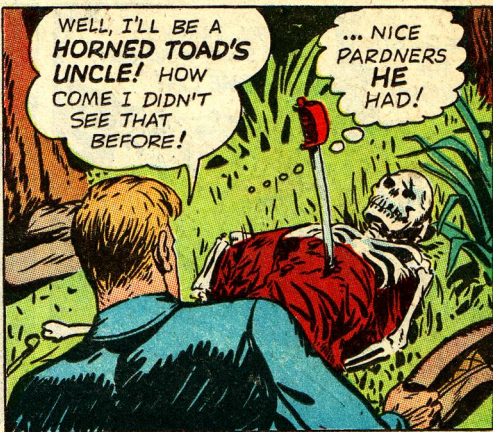
WALKING THROUGH THE GATHERING DUSK, BILL SUDDENLY TRIPS --

WOW!
NOW
WHAT?



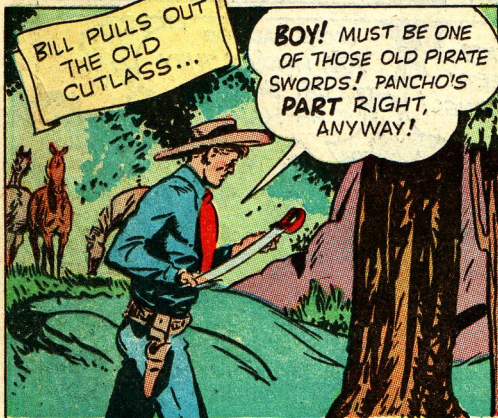
WELL, I'LL BE A
HORNED TOAD'S
UNCLE! HOW
COME I DIDN'T
SEE THAT
BEFORE!

... NICE
PARDNERS
HE
HAD!



BILL PULLS OUT
THE OLD
CUTLASS...

BOY! MUST BE ONE
OF THOSE OLD PIRATE
SWORDS! PANCHE'S
PART RIGHT,
ANYWAY!



NERVES ON EDGE,
BILL KEEPS A
LONELY VIGIL...

PRETTY NEAR
TIME FER ME TO
WAKE PANCHE UP
TO DO A HITCH...
OR SHOULD I
LET HIM
SLEEP?



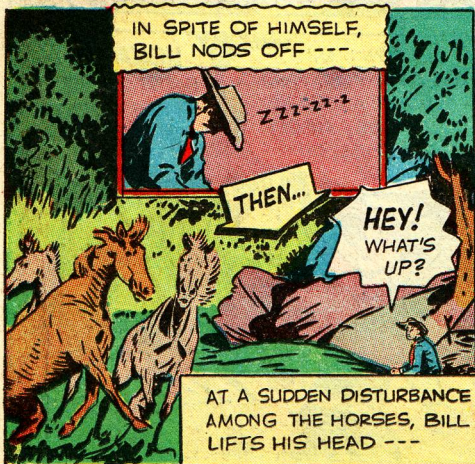
AAAH --- I CAN
STICK IT OUT,
I GUESS!

IN SPITE OF HIMSELF,
BILL NODS OFF ---



THEN...

HEY!
WHAT'S
UP?

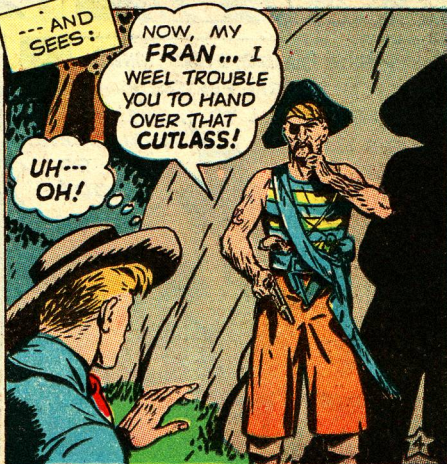


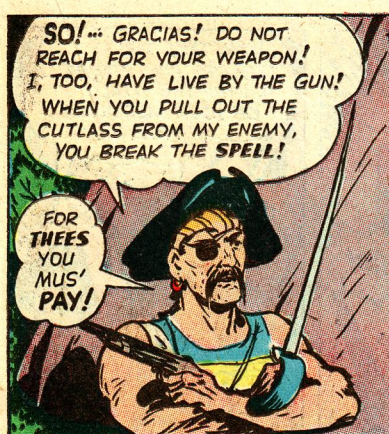
AT A SUDDEN DISTURBANCE
AMONG THE HORSES, BILL
LIFTS HIS HEAD ---

--- AND
SEES:

NOW, MY
FRAN... I
WEEL TROUBLE
YOU TO HAND
OVER THAT
CUTLASS!

UH...
OH!





SO!... GRACIAS! DO NOT REACH FOR YOUR WEAPON! I, TOO, HAVE LIVE BY THE GUN! WHEN YOU PULL OUT THE CUTLASS FROM MY ENEMY, YOU BREAK THE SPELL!

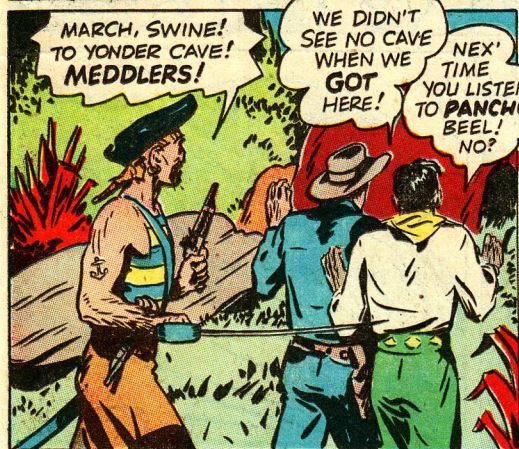
FOR THEES YOU MUS' PAY!

THE PIRATE PANCHO WAKES PANCHO AND DISARMS THE BOYS!

WAKE UP, PEEG! I NEED YOU, TOO!

OWW! OHHHHH! WHAT I TELL YOU, BEEL!... PIRATES ARE BAD PIPPLE!

WHACK!



MARCH, SWINE! TO YONDER CAVE! MEDDLERS!

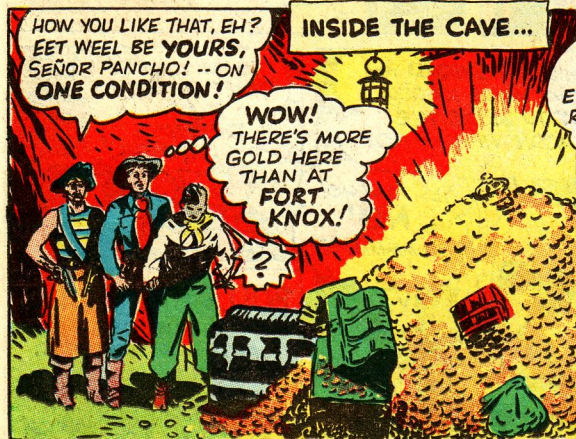
WE DIDN'T SEE NO CAVE WHEN WE GOT HERE!

NEX' TIME YOU LISTEN TO PANCHITO, BEEL! NO?

FOR ONE OF YOU THERE WEEL BE NO NEX' TIME! ENTER THE CAVE!

OKAY, PAL! BUT... I'VE MET UP WITH "BRAVE" MEN WITH GUNS BEFORE!

COME, BEEL!



HOW YOU LIKE THAT, EH? EET WEEL BE YOURS, SENIOR PANCHITO!... ON ONE CONDITION!

INSIDE THE CAVE...

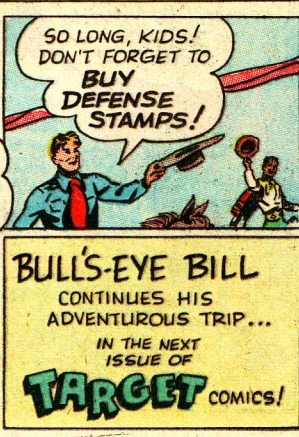
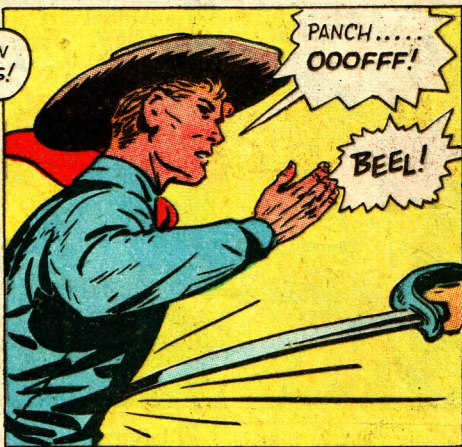
WOW! THERE'S MORE GOLD HERE THAN AT FORT KNOX!

ONE OF YOU MUS' DIE BY THE HAND OF THE OTHER... ELSE I AM FATED TO WANDER... ETERNALLY! THIS YOU CAUSED BY RELEASING THE CUTLASS, MEDDLER! NOW YOU SHALL DIE!

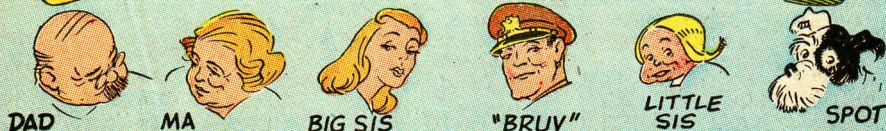




NO! YOU HAVE NO CHOICE! HE DIES BY YOUR HAND OR YOU BOTH DIE BY MINE!



SPECK SPOT and SIS..



SPECK HAS GONE ALL OUT FOR VICTORY IN HIS WAR WORK. HE'S SELLING VICTORY STAMPS, HAS ORGANIZED HIS GANG -- AND THEY ARE BUSY GATHERING SCRAP IRON AND OLD NEWSPAPERS!... THEY RUN ERRANDS FOR THE RED CROSS, WOMAN'S AUXILIARY... AND OTHER CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS!

HIS BIG BROTHER HAS JUST RETURNED HOME FROM CAMP ON A FURLOUGH -- AND IS A HERO TO SPECK AND HIS GANG!

SPECK'S GANG LOOKS QUITE SNAPPY IN THE NEW UNIFORMS DAD AND UNCLE EDDIE HAVE CONTRIBUTED.

TAKE ME TO H.Q. --- THEN GO BACK AND PICK UP MY BIG BROTHER -- BRING HIM THERE!

YES-SIR, CAP'N!

FORT VICTORY

JOIN for VICTORY

by VINCENT.

HI, SOLDIER! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU -- COME OUT AND DRILL MY COMPANY!

HI, FUNNY FACE! NO CAN DO -- BUT I CAN TEACH 'EM SOMETHING ELSE!

YOU SEE.. I'M AN M.P. AND KNOW MORE ABOUT THE ARTS OF PHYSICAL DEFENSE AND OFFENSE THAN I DO ABOUT DRILLING TROOPS!

WELL..! COME ON -- WHATTA WE WAITIN' FOR?!!

COMPANEE... 'TEN-SHUN! PRESENT ARMS! FELLERS, THIS IS MY BIG BROTHER. HE'S A MILITARY POLICEMAN ... AND HE'S GONNA TEACH US SOME TRICKS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENSE!

OH, BOY!

HE CAN'T TEACH ME NOTHIN'!

OKAY MEN! OFF WITH THOSE SHIRTS!

GEE! GOSH!

YESSIR!

A SOLDIER BE PHYSICALLY
FIT, MENTALLY AWAKE -- AND
PREPARED FOR ANY
EMERGENCY!

SETTING-UP EXERCISES -- GOOD, PLAIN,
WHOLESOME FOOD -- CLEAN THINKING
AND LOTS OF HARD WORK WILL DO
THE TRICK! NOW, LET'S GO!

SPECK, FRONT
AND CENTER!

ERF!
ERF!

SPECK AND I HAVE BEEN PRACTISING! ...
YOU CAN SEE HOW EASY HE DOES IT ...
NOW, I'LL STRIKE AT HIM AND HE'LL ----

NO YOU
DON'T!

GOOD WORK,
SP ----
OOF!

NOW TO BOXING! ... GOOFY, YOU FIRST
HIT ME ... IF YOU CAN! GO ON -- BUT
WATCH OUT FOR YOUR ----

GOSH! I HATE
TO HIT YOU,
'CAUSE YOU'RE
SPECK'S BROTHER!

COME
ON!

KEEP YOUR GUARD UP, GOOFY ... YOU SEE, IF I
WANTED TO, I COULD KNOCK YOU OUT WITH
A SOLAR PLEXUS
BLOW!

WHIZ

TAP
TAP

DEFENDING ONE'S SELF WITH A NIGHT STICK,
STAFF, OR RIFLE, IS AN ART ---- COME ON,
SPECK --- WHACK ME --- GOOD AND HARD!

WHACK!

HA-HA!
SEE?

2

AFTER ONE WEEK'S INTENSE TRAINING OF SPECK'S
GANG --- BIG BROTHER ANNOUNCES HE MUST
RETURN TO FIGHT FOR UNCLE SAM!

WELL, BOYS --- YOU'VE LEARNED A LOT OF
TRICKS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENSE AND
OFFENSE. DON'T USE THEM UNLESS YOU
HAVE TO ... THEN GO TO IT! IN
OTHER WORDS, DON'T GO LOOKING
FOR TROUBLE, BUT DON'T RUN
AWAY FROM IT, EITHER.
GOOD LUCK, BOYS!

THAT EVENING... SPECK AND HIS CHUM CLOSE
AND LOCK THE GATE TO FORT VICTORY
AND START HOME -----



YEH!... YOU HEARD SOMETHING!
UNLOCK THAT GATE... YOU'VE GOT
A LOT OF SCRAP-IRON, COPPER,
AND STUFF IN THERE...
WE WANT IT... COME AWWN!



SUDDENLY...

COME GIT IT, YOU SISSY. I'VE BEEN
WANTIN' TO BEAT YOU LITTLE PUNKS
UP FOR A LONG TIME!

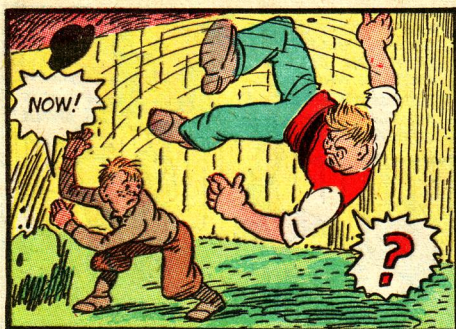


SO YOU'RE GONNA GIT
TOUGH, KID? WELL, THA'S
JUST TOO
BAD FOR...

I HOPE BROTHER'S
TRAINING IS RIGHT!
OR I'M GONNA GET
BADLY MESSED UP!

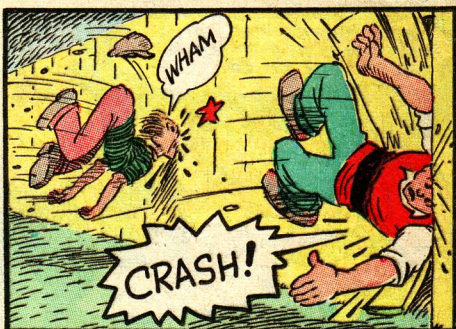


NOW!

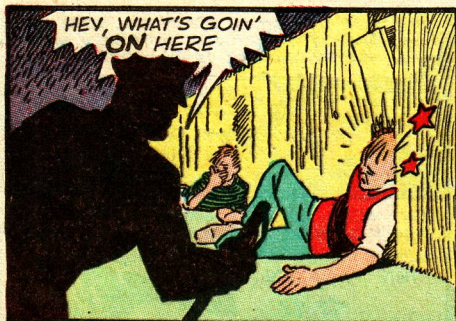


WHAM

CRASH!



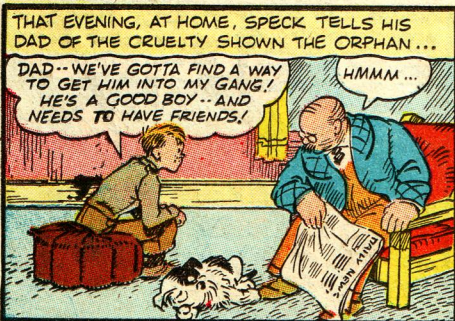
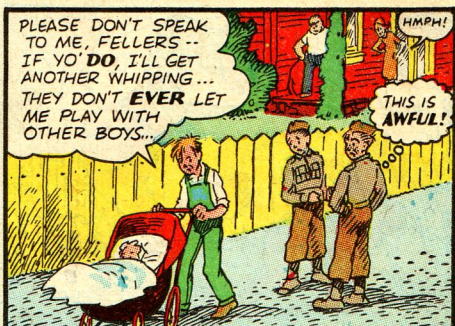
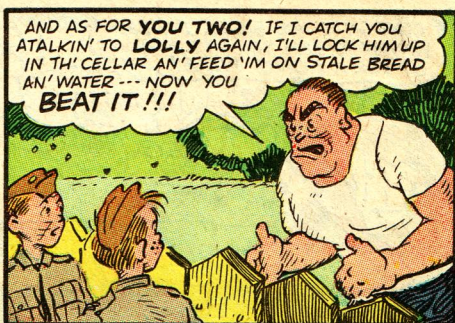
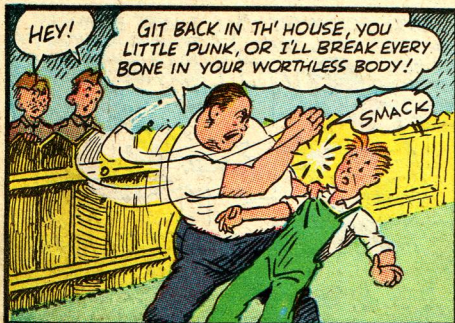
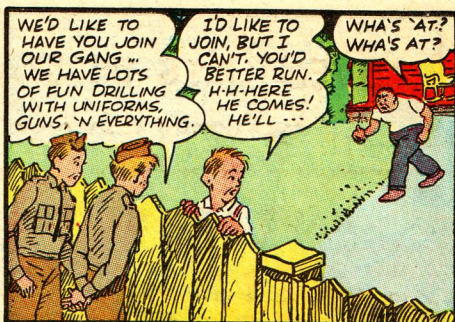
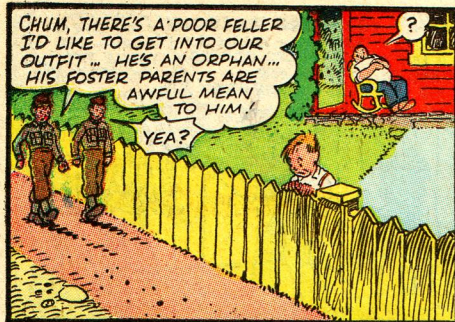
HEY, WHAT'S GOIN'
ON HERE



OFFICER, THESE GUYS
WERE TRYING TO
STEAL THE SCRAP-
IRON WE GATHERED
FOR THE VICTORY
CAMPAIGN!

OH... THEY WAS, EH?
WELL, YOU LEAVE 'EM TO
ME, NOW... THANKS!





ADVENTURES IN STAMPS

By Eugene L. Pollock

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

—THAT Iceland, where many of our own troops are stationed, once printed a set of postage stamps for the aid of shipwrecked sailors and their families? One stamp shows a thrilling



Iceland Sea Rescue Stamp

rescue of a wrecked vessel with a breeches buoy strung out across the raging waters from the shore to the mast of the stricken boat. One by one the ship's crew and passengers are hauled over the churning waves by the breeches buoy, which is nothing else but a short pair of pants, or breeches, hung from a cork buoy attached to

the ropes spanning the sea. The legs of the person carried fit into the breeches and he cannot be knocked out of it by a high wave or strong wind. The rope carrying the buoy is shot from a cannon to the wrecked ship.

★ ★ ★

—THAT the Duke of Windsor, who was King Edward VIII of Great Britain, has a complete collection of the stamps of Prince Edward Island, which now uses the stamps of Canada? His Royal Highness also has a splendid collection of Newfoundland, begun when he was a little boy.

★ ★ ★

—THAT the only movie actor ever to be honored with a picture on postage stamps was Will Rogers? Nicaragua printed a set of five airmail stamps showing Will Rogers when he went to that little Central American country during the great Managua earthquake. Nicaraguans are good friends of the United States, for they declared war on the Axis Powers shortly after Congress acted in Washington.

★ ★ ★

—THAT Mickey Rooney gave Lewis Stone, who plays Judge Hardy in Mickey's Andy Hardy pictures, a complete set of scarce stamps as a birthday gift? Both Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone have been stamp collectors since they were little fellows, although Lewis Stone is many years older than Mickey.

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page. This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer. You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy, within 10 days after you receive them.

If you have any stamp problems, write to Eugene L. Pollock, Novelty Press Company, Inc., 292 Madison Avenue, New York City.



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Potomac Stamp Co. Dept. 5 Washington, D. C.



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APPROVAL HEADQUARTERS
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BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Undersea¹⁻ CHAMPION

BY MICKEY SPILLANE



DEEP DOWN in the cold, black waters of the Caribbean Sea, the huge mass of soft body and waving tentacles that was the monster octopus, flowed along the murky bottom in search of food. As dark as it was, enough light penetrated the depths to show clearly the hideous form of this undersea creature. Enormous, saucer-like eyes glinted dully as they stared out, striving for a glimpse of anything that it might wrap its thick arms about and kill with its horny beak.

Often other fish, seeing the approach of the octopus (or squid), would slide off out of reach, none daring to approach within sixty feet of him. Easily, the long grey arms could encircle a good-sized truck, and just as easily rip it apart, had one been within its reach. Smaller members of the octopus family lurked in the shallower waters above, but this one, fearful outcast was a monster that no man had ever laid eyes upon. Those in the boats above knew he was there, however, for often their nets had brought to the surface the empty shells of giant clams. Nothing but an octopus of huge size could have torn the jaws of those clams apart!

But now the giant was hungry. An hour before, he had settled upon the shells of a clam that was half his size. The rubbery suction cups held firmly, and then the might of the tentacles came to the fore. Harder and harder they pulled, trying desperately to force the shells open. But the clam was strong. Its two mighty muscles held the jaws together without a quiver. Minutes passed slowly, the pair of weird

creatures locked in the struggle to the death.

Then it began! The clam started to open! A scant half inch at first, then an *inch*, then *two*! The powerful muscles were weakening against the relentless tug of the octopus' tentacles. Slowly the halves of the shell parted, until there was a one-foot gap. A tentacle loosened, and got a new hold on the edge of the shell. With this new grip the octopus exerted even more power, and the clam opened wide.

Quickly a tentacle shot out and squirmed inside the shells. It fastened on one of the muscles and heaved. It came loose from the shell! The other muscle received the same treatment. A firm grasp, a tug, and it was all over. The shells fell back on the sandy floor of the ocean, and the octopus settled down to tearing into the clam with his hooked beak.

But he was not satisfied. His huge bulk could consume much more than that before he was ready to rest. The devilfish sucked in water . . . then blew it out the tube in the middle of his body like an undersea rocket ship. He went shooting along at a terrific speed with every blast from his water jet. Smaller fish darted in front of him. A snakey arm shot out, a suction cap held the squirming fish, then it disappeared into the flabby mouth.

At first the squid did not notice the tremendous body of the fish above him. It darted about, its long, flat-bladed saw swishing through the water. Then the disk-eyes moved slightly, and watched every move as the sawfish came closer. The blade was

slashing into a school of smaller fish, ripping them into shreds, which it took into the gaping mouth without changing its course an inch.

The octopus squeezed back into a shadow, while his tentacles draped themselves along the bottom. To all appearances he was part of that shadow. Just then the sawfish passed. Four arms went out, seized the thick body with a terrible, crushing grip. The other four tentacles found holds around rocky projections on the bottom and anchored there.

FIGHTING WITH ALL ITS might, the sawfish sought to slash at the arms that encircled it, but with every twist and turn the suction cups took on a new grip, while the muscular arms drew it nearer and nearer to the beak. A quick thrust! The hooked beak dug into the sawfish's side and yanked. Again and again the horned nose of the octopus went into the other creature. Then it was all over. The body went limp in the great arms, and the tentacles ripped it apart. Smaller fish fought for the scraps that floated by in the currents, while the octopus ate his fill.

With its stomach filled, the monster extended its heavy arms, drew in a blob of water, and forced it out. Lazily the squid moved off to find a resting place. A rock jutted from the bottom. Seeking the protection of the shadow, the octopus slid into the dark spot and folded its arms in. The other creatures of the deep knew that they were safe now, and flitted about in the dark waters in their never-ending search for food.

Suddenly, there was the far away sound as if two giants were fighting. Then the water shivered violently under a back-breaking impulse. An invisible wave surged forward, carrying a cloud of sand from the bottom and a horde of mutilated bodies of fish. Again the deep-throated roar boomed through the sea bottom. Faster they came. Clouds of fish scurried before the invisible onslaught, anxious to escape the death.

QUIVERING SLIGHTLY, the octopus eased from the protection of the rock. For a moment he attempted to understand what was happening, and looked about for the enemy. Seeing none, he was about to shoot forward. Another blast! The concussion blew him back many yards. Without a backward look the squid followed the rest of the fish in their flight. There was no thought of the hunt now, only a desire to get away from the rending force.

A short while later the sounds grew fainter, then stopped altogether. The squid settled down into the shadows again. The commotion in the water ceased with the sounds. Fish went back to their eating and playing. Others came by and caught them while they fed. Things were normal once more.

Then...sliding slowly through the blackness came an even darker shape. Its body was smooth, save for a peculiar projection on its top. Fins protruded from the front and rear, moving occasionally to alter the course of the strange creature. Beneath the rear fins a shiny object whirled about, gradually slowing down. Then the motion ceased. The object developed into a twisted, three bladed, propelling fin.

This much the squid saw. His tiny brain could not see it to be a metal monster unlike the other fish in his world, nor did he recognize the sharp-angled insignia

of the Nazi cross. This was another enemy to be destroyed! Noiselessly, he slid alongside the craft. Then could the true size of the octopus be seen, for he was almost half as long as the entire length of the sub.

Once again the mighty arms went out. They wrapped themselves around the metal body and squeezed, but there was no response. Amazed because the thing made no attempt to fight back, he sent out a cautious tentacle to explore. A tip fastened on the pole-like rod above. A yank, and it came free. Someone in the sub felt a movement, an eye went to the porthole in the conning tower. The sight of the squid held the man speechless, then he fell screaming into the hold.

The motors started with a roar. Seeing that his prey was struggling to get loose, the giant octopus held tighter. The fins went up, the sub pushed ahead. Immediately a tentacle went to the fin and ripped it loose. Bubbles foamed out of the hole it left. Then the rear fins waggled back and forth. Again an arm shot out and pulled.

But the tip of the tentacle hit the spinning propeller! The end snapped neatly off, and floated away with the current. Pain shot up the long arm. The octopus rocked the sub to and fro. Two huge tentacles fastened about the conning tower and tightened in their effort to kill the enemy. Men inside ran about in fright. Compartments were shut off to keep out the water leaking in from the fin holes. They had dodged the depth bombs successfully... only to run into *this!*

TIGHTER AND TIGHTER grew the death grip of the octopus. The great muscles in his tentacles strained with the effort. There was a spurt of bubbles from the nose of the sub, and a long, fish like thing shot out. A

hundred yards off it hit a rock, and a tremendous explosion tore the ocean apart, throwing fish, weeds and sand over the dark bottom. But the liquid-like octopus remained untouched. His fury however, grew more intense, his arms squeezed tighter!

Another form shot from the nose of the sub. The men inside were doing everything to dislodge the monster. The second projectile, too, exploded against the rock, and it was that which spelled the end for the sub. The crush of the water forced open a seam, the plates started to buckle. The octopus felt it giving, and he squeezed even tighter than before!

With a tearing of metal, the conning tower was pulled inward. The two arms around it threshed to get a firmer hold. Suction cups gripped with all the great might of the squid's arms. Another wrench, and the tower came half off! All around, bubbles foamed to the surface. Water poured in every little hole.

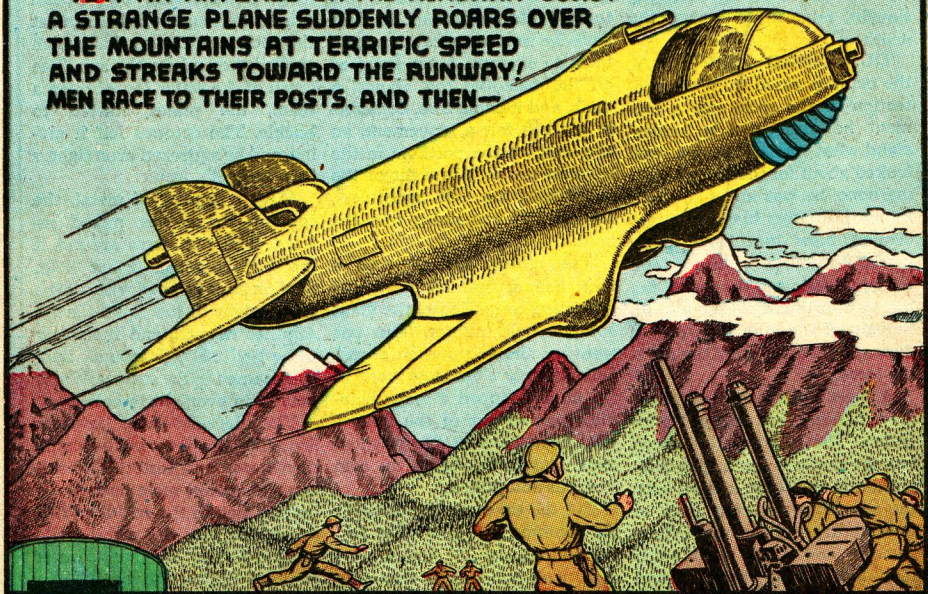
Then the sides gave! Slowly at first, like the jaws of the clam, then faster and faster! The sub was a shapeless mass now, like a balloon tied in the middle. With every new hug the metal walls went in further, the terrific water pressure aiding the octopus in his struggle. Men who killed ruthlessly were trapped by a terror greater than they had ever created. They watched the water stream in, and were helpless to prevent it.

Several times the squid tried to use his beak, but it was no use. He put forth one last, mighty effort... and the sub crushed in like a paper bag! Slowly the octopus released the pressure. He knew the enemy was done for. But such a *strange* enemy, impossible to eat! The giant of the under-sea slid off into the ooze of the sea floor to rest. The enemy was dead!

THE END

SPACEHAWK

AT AN AIR BASE ON THE ALASKAN COAST A STRANGE PLANE SUDDENLY ROARS OVER THE MOUNTAINS AT TERRIFIC SPEED AND STREAKS TOWARD THE RUNWAY! MEN RACE TO THEIR POSTS, AND THEN—



**SPACEHAWK!
THAT'S SPACEHAWK'S
SHIP!**

**RIGHT!
NO ONE ELSE
TRAVELS LIKE
THAT!**

**WELCOME, SPACEHAWK!
I'M LIEUTENANT RYAN!**

**HAPPY TO KNOW YOU,
LIEUTENANT! I'M OUT ON
OBSERVATION FOR THE
GOVERNMENT! I'M STOPPING
AT ALL THE ALASKAN
BASES TO GET ACQUAINTED
WITH YOU COMMANDERS!**

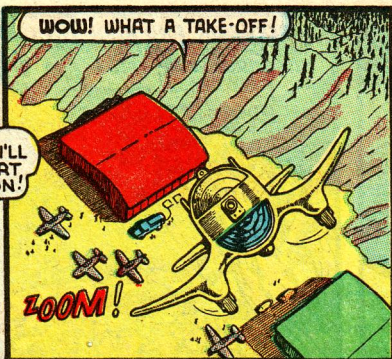


MAN! THAT'S SOME SWEET BUS YOU HAVE HERE! HOW FAST WILL THOSE ROCKET TUBES DRIVE IT?

CLIMB IN IF YOU WISH, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SHORT DEMONSTRATION!

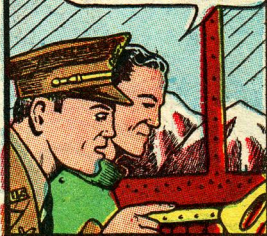


WOW! WHAT A TAKE-OFF!



AND SPEED! WHY - WE'RE DOING SEVEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!

WE'RE NOT EXACTLY SLIPPING BACKWARD!



SPACEHAWK DARTS OUT OVER THE SEA....

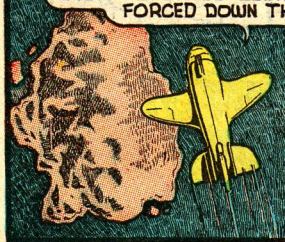
WHOOOM!



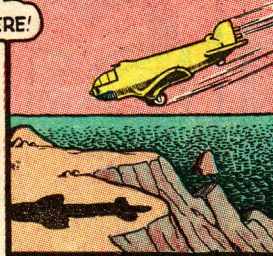
AS SPACEHAWK TURNS BACK...

HAVE ANY OF YOUR SHIPS EVER LANDED ON THAT ISLAND DOWN THERE, LIEUTENANT RYAN?

NONE OF MY MEN HAS EVER REPORTED BEING FORCED DOWN THERE!



I THINK WE'D BETTER LAND AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND ON THIS ISLAND!

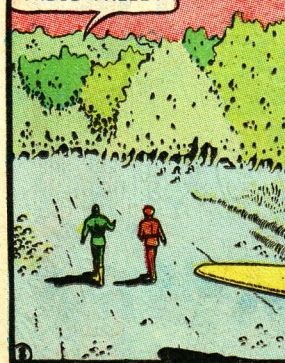


SEE? AIRPLANE TIRE MARKS!

THEY'RE SO FAINT I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU SPOTTED THEM FROM THE AIR! I WONDER WHAT SHIPS COULD HAVE MADE THOSE TRACKS?



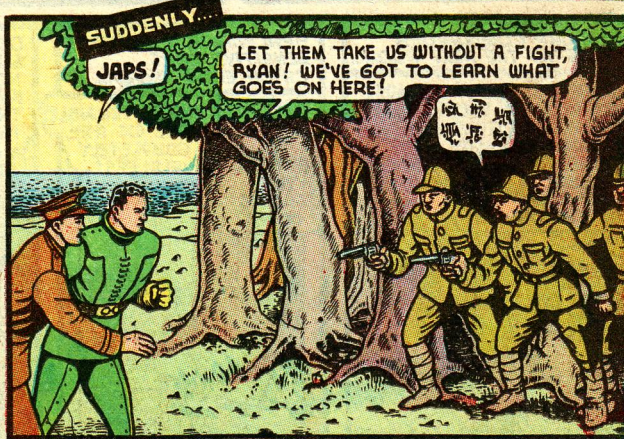
PERHAPS WE CAN FIND OUT! THEY RUN TOWARD THOSE TREES!



SUDDENLY...

JAPS!

LET THEM TAKE US WITHOUT A FIGHT, RYAN! WE'VE GOT TO LEARN WHAT GOES ON HERE!





SPACEHAWK AND RYAN
ARE DRAGGED INTO
THE SHRUBBERY, WHERE
THEY SEE.....

CAMOUFLAGE
NETS,
SPACEHAWK!

AND SCORES
OF BOMBERS
HIDDEN
BENEATH!



WITHIN THE HEADQUARTERS
OF THE SECRET BASE.....

AH! QUITE A PRIZE! THE
SO-CALLED GREAT SPACEHAWK
AND A MISERABLE ENEMY OFFICER!
HOW DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE?
ANSWER ME - QUICKLY!



THE STRONG AND
SILENT AMERICAN
TYPE, EH? I'LL BE
BACK TO MAKE YOU
TALK!



MEANWHILE, THIS
SHOULD STIR YOUR
SLUGGISH OCCIDENTAL
BLOOD!



THE JAP COMMANDER
GOES TO THE NEXT ROOM...

MAN THE SHIPS! WE MUST
ATTACK THE PACIFIC COAST
AT ONCE! OTHERWISE
ENEMY SHIPS MAY SOON
COME TO SEARCH FOR OUR
PRISONERS! WE MUST HIT
AND RUN WITHOUT
INTERFERENCE!



SPACEHAWK'S SUPER-
SENSITIVE EARS
CATCH EVERY WORD....

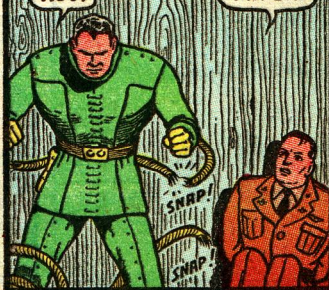
THEY'RE
GOING
TO
ATTACK
THE
PACIFIC
COAST!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
HERE WE ARE,
COMPLETELY
HELPLESS!



DON'T BE TOO
SURE, RYAN!
NOW THAT WE
KNOW WHAT
THE SCORE
IS - WE'LL
ACT!

YOU-
YOU'RE
BREAKING
THOSE ROPES
AS THOUGH
THEY WERE
PAPER!

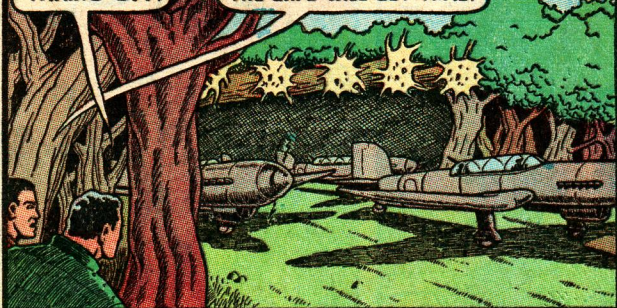


SPACEHAWK FREES RYAN,
AND THEY BURST OUT
UPON THE GUARD!



THEIR SHIPS ARE
ALREADY
TAKING OFF!

MY MEN WILL HEAR AND ATTACK
THEM, BUT THEY'LL BE OUTNUMBERED!
THE JAPS WILL GET THRU!



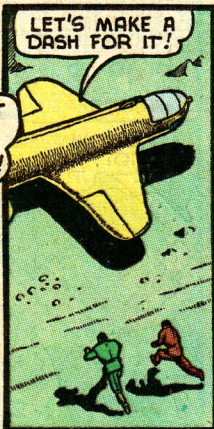
A SECTION OF THE WOODED AREA'S RIM, MADE UP OF FALSE
TREES, SWINGS BACK TO LET OUT THE BOMBERS.....

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF WE
DON'T GET TO MY SHIP
THERE'LL SOON BE PLENTY
OF GRIEF DOWN IN
THE STATES!

IT'S STILL OUT
THERE - THANKS
TO THE LOCKED
DOOR AND WHEELS!



LET'S MAKE A
DASH FOR IT!



JAPS RUSH OUT TO STOP THEM, BUT...

ONE SIDE, BUD! WE HAVEN'T
TIME TO CHEW THE FAT!

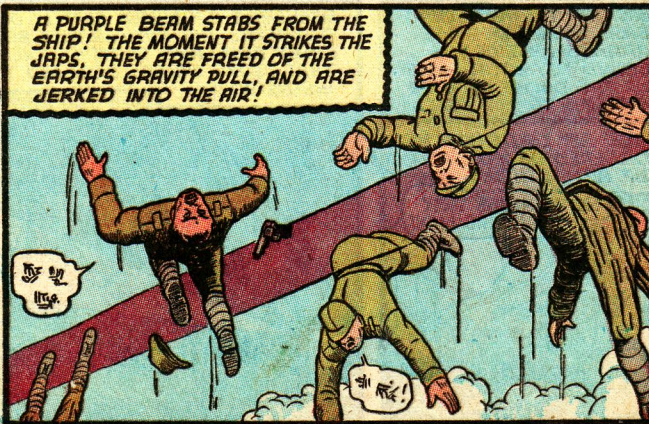


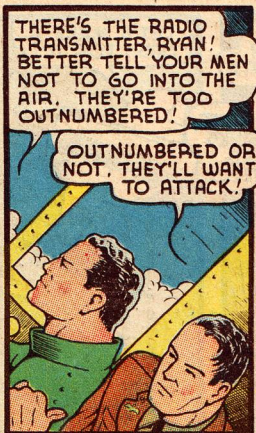
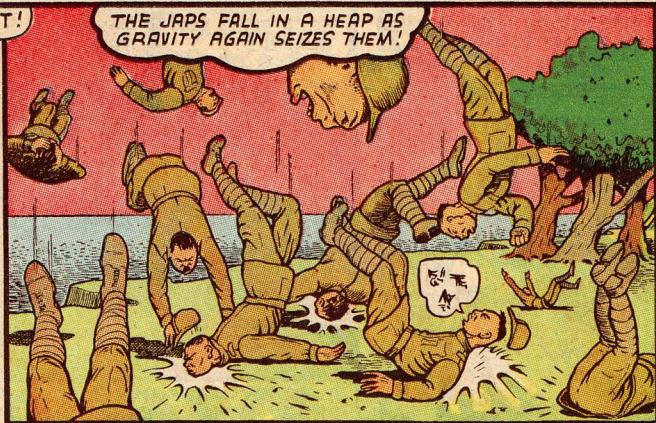
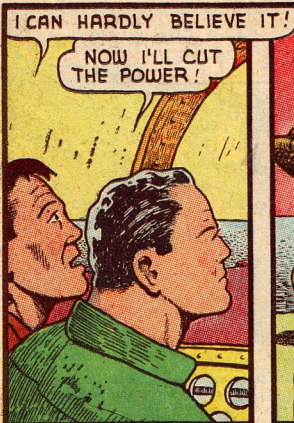
WE MADE IT - BUT
HERE THEY COME!

NOT FOR LONG!
WATCH WHILE I TRAIN
THIS ANTI-GRAVITY
BEAM ON THEM!



A PURPLE BEAM STABS FROM THE
SHIP! THE MOMENT IT STRIKES THE
JAPS, THEY ARE FREED OF THE
EARTH'S GRAVITY PULL, AND ARE
JERKED INTO THE AIR!

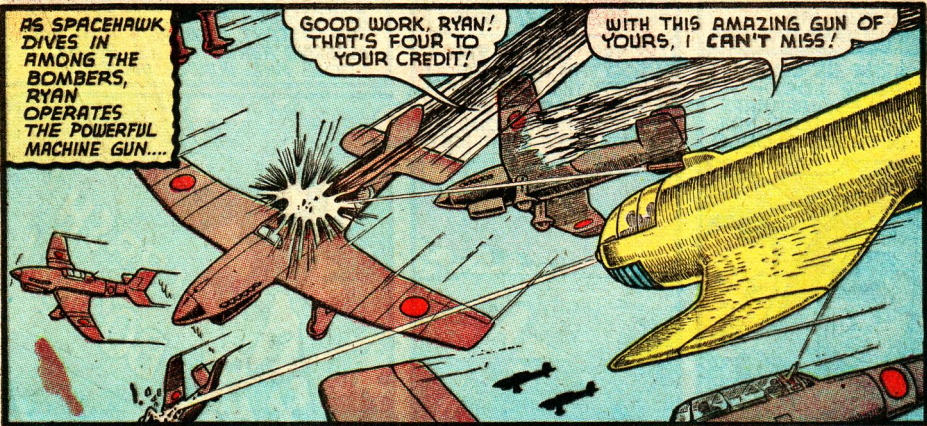




AS SPACEHAWK
DIVES IN
AMONG THE
BOMBERS,
RYAN
OPERATES
THE POWERFUL
MACHINE GUN....

GOOD WORK, RYAN!
THAT'S FOUR TO
YOUR CREDIT!

WITH THIS AMAZING GUN OF
YOURS, I CAN'T MISS!



LOOKS AS THOUGH THAT'S ALL
OF THEM! WE'D BETTER GET
BACK TO THAT ISLAND AND
GET THE OTHERS!

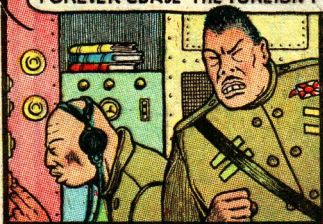
WHAT A FIGHT! ONE SHIP
AGAINST A WHOLE FLEET!



BACK ON THE ISLAND.....

NO MORE REPORTS FROM OUR
SHIPS, SIR!

THEN THAT MYSTERIOUS
AND DEADLY BEAM IN
SPACEHAWK'S PLANE MUST
HAVE DOWNED ALL OF THEM.
MAY OUR HONORABLE ANCESTORS
FOREVER CURSE THE FOREIGN PIG!

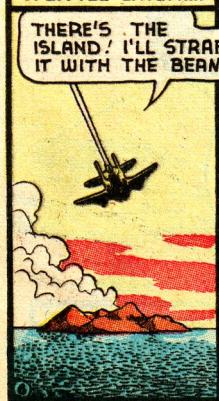


GET INTO THE
TWO SHIPS WE
HAVE LEFT - ALL
OF YOU. WHEN
SPACEHAWK
RETURNS - IF HE
DOES - HE WON'T
FIND US HERE!



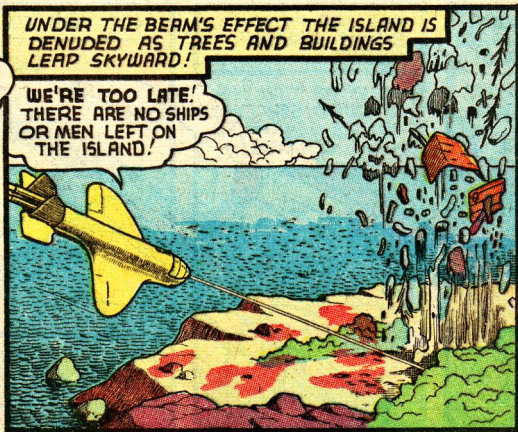
A LITTLE LATER....

THERE'S THE
ISLAND! I'LL STRAFE
IT WITH THE BEAM!



UNDER THE BEAM'S EFFECT THE ISLAND IS
DENuded AS TREES AND BUILDINGS
LEAP SKYWARD!

WE'RE TOO LATE!
THERE ARE NO SHIPS
OR MEN LEFT ON
THE ISLAND.



THERE! - OFF
TO THE
NORTHWEST!
TWO SHIPS!
I DON'T THINK
WE'RE TOO
LATE AFTER
ALL, RYAN!



IN THE JAP
COMMANDER'S SHIP...

HERE HE COMES!
WE'RE LOST—
UNLESS PERHAPS
WE CAN LOSE HIM
IN THOSE CLOUDS
AHEAD!

THEY'RE ZIG-ZAGGING!

YES, THEY'RE STILL
TOO FAR AWAY TO
KEEP THE BEAM ON
THEM. MAYBE WE CAN
STOP THEM SOME OTHER
WAY! SEE THAT ICEBERG
DOWN THERE AHEAD
OF THEM?

SPACEHAWK FIXES THE BEAM
ON THE DISTANT ICEBERG'S RIM,
AND MASSIVE HUNKS OF ICE BREAK
LOOSE AND HURTLE UPWARD!

CRASH!
BOOM!

—JUST IN TIME
TO SMASH INTO
ONE OF THE
FLEEING PLANES—
BUT THE
COMMANDER'S
PLANE GOES
UNHARMED!

BANG!

THEY'RE OVERTAKING
US! WE CAN'T MAKE
IT TO THE CLOUDS!

THEN IF WE MUST
DIE, TURN BACK,
AND TRY TO
RAM THEM!

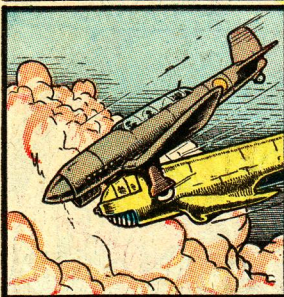
THE JAP PILOT
BANKS SHARPLY
ABOUT.....

THEY'RE TURNING
AROUND, SPACEHAWK!
WE'RE GOING TO
COLLIDE!

NOT THIS TIME, LIEUTENANT!

THE SHIPS MISS EACH OTHER BY
INCHES AS JAP BULLETS STORM
PAST SPACEHAWK'S PLANE!

SPACEHAWK SWINGS BACK AND COMES UP AT THE JAP PLANE, WHICH SUDDENLY NOSES DOWN - AND THE TWO SHIPS LOCK TOGETHER!



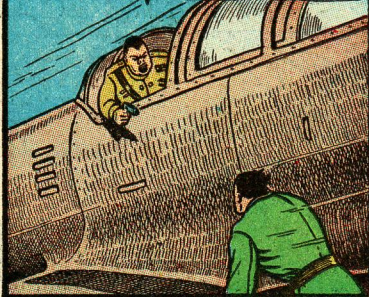
THEY'RE FORCING US DOWN!

I CAN'T SHAKE THEM OFF! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! HERE, RYAN! TAKE THE CONTROLS - AND HOLD HER STEADY!



AS SPACEHAWK CLIMBS OUT.....

AH! HERE'S WHERE YOU COME TO THE END OF YOUR DEMOCRACY-AIDING CAREER, SPACEHAWK!



SPACEHAWK LEAPS.....

COME ON OUT, CHUM! THE AIR IS FINE!

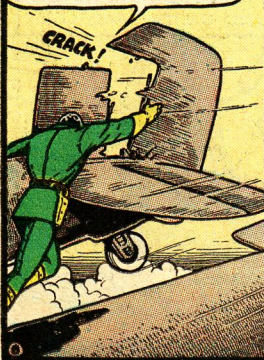


AND THERE'S PLENTY OF IT - ALL AROUND YOU!

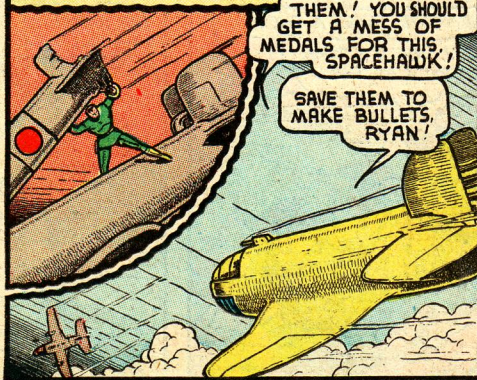


THE JAP PILOT, TOO, FRIGHTENED TO INTERFERE, KEEPS OUT OF SIGHT....

NOW I'LL RIP OFF THEIR RUDDER! THEY WON'T GO FAR WITHOUT IT!



THEN SPACEHAWK TEARS THE TWO SHIPS APART.....



THERE GOES THE LAST OF THEM! YOU SHOULD GET A MESS OF MEDALS FOR THIS, SPACEHAWK!

SAVE THEM TO MAKE BULLETS, RYAN!

I'LL SEE YOU BOYS AND GALS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS!



THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

By J. FENIMORE COOPER © Retold in Pictures by HAROLD DELAY

SYNOPSIS: THE DAUGHTERS OF COLONEL MONROE WITH DAVID GAMUT, A PSALM-SINGER, HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED BY MAGUA, A HURON, WHO IS TAKING THEM TO HIS TRIBE. COLONEL MONROE, DUNCAN HEYWARD, HAWK-EYE -- A SCOUT-- AND TWO MOHICANS -- UNCAS AND CHINGACHGOOK, ARE ON THEIR TRAIL.

GOING UP THE LAKE IN A CANOE, THEY ARE INTERCEPTED BY A WAR CANOE, WHICH THEY EVADE IN THE FOG. . . .

PART VII

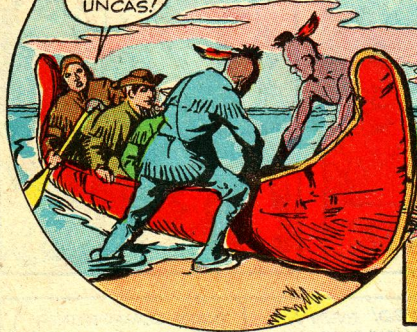
THE FOG LIFTS -- HAWK-EYE TAKES A SHOT!

STEADY, WHILE I TAKE ONE CRACK AT THEM!

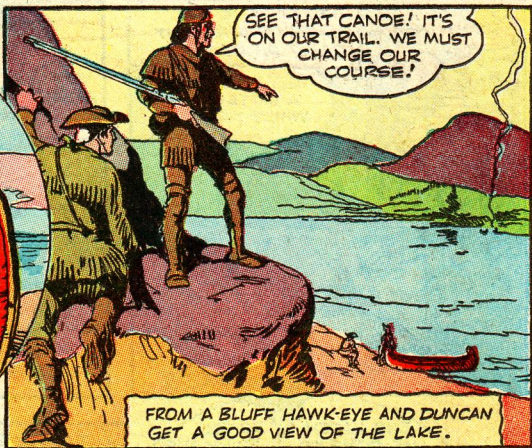
THE INDIAN IN THE PROW OF THE CANOE FALLS BACKWARD ON THE PADDLERS!

THE ENEMY
FAR BEHIND, THEY DRAG
THE CANOE ASHORE ...

CAREFUL
THERE,
UNCAS!



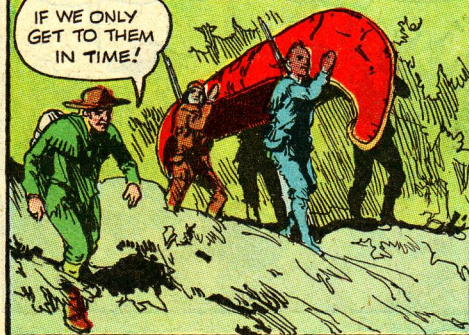
SEE THAT CANOE! IT'S
ON OUR TRAIL. WE MUST
CHANGE OUR
COURSE!



FROM A BLUFF HAWK-EYE AND DUNCAN
GET A GOOD VIEW OF THE LAKE.

TO BREAK THE TRAIL, THEY CARRY THE CANOE
TO ANOTHER PART OF THE LAKE.

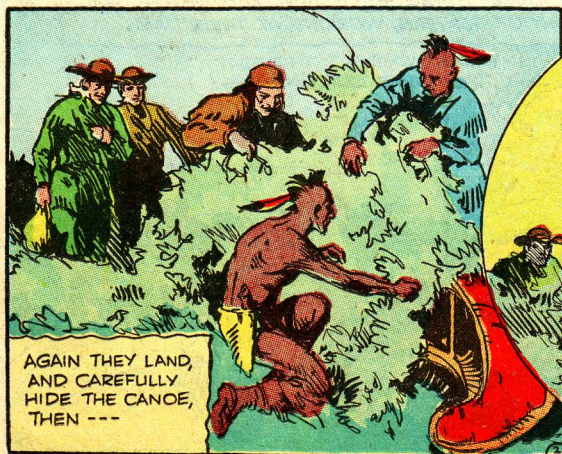
IF WE ONLY
GET TO THEM
IN TIME!



--- AND LAUNCH IT WHERE OVERHANGING
BRANCHES CONCEAL THEIR MOVEMENTS.

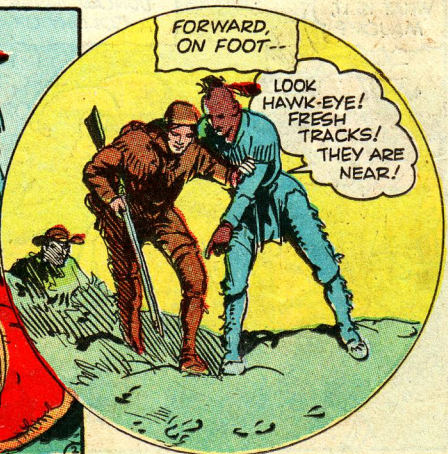


AGAIN THEY LAND,
AND CAREFULLY
HIDE THE CANOE,
THEN ---



FORWARD,
ON FOOT---

LOOK
HAWK-EYE!
FRESH
TRACKS!
THEY ARE
NEAR!





SOMETHING NEW?

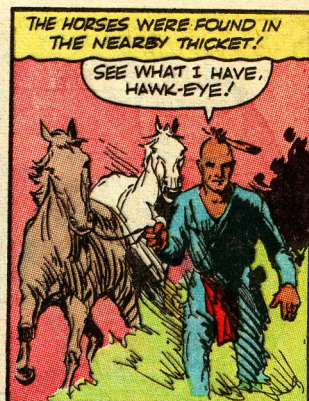
THEY CAME TO THE ASHES OF A RECENT CAMP FIRE!

THEY WERE HERE A LITTLE WHILE AGO!



VERY FRESH!

UNCAS DISCOVERS
HOOF PRINTS!



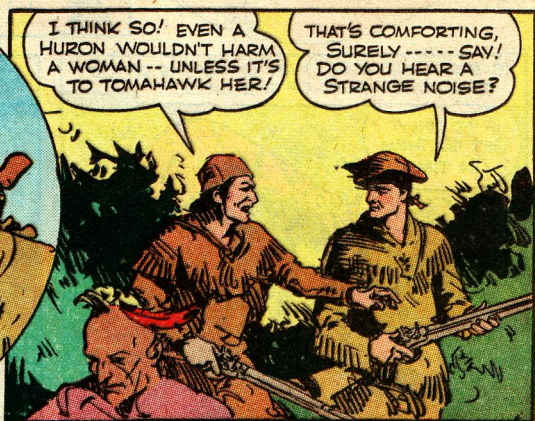
THE HORSES WERE FOUND IN THE NEARBY THICKET!

SEE WHAT I HAVE, HAWK-EYE!



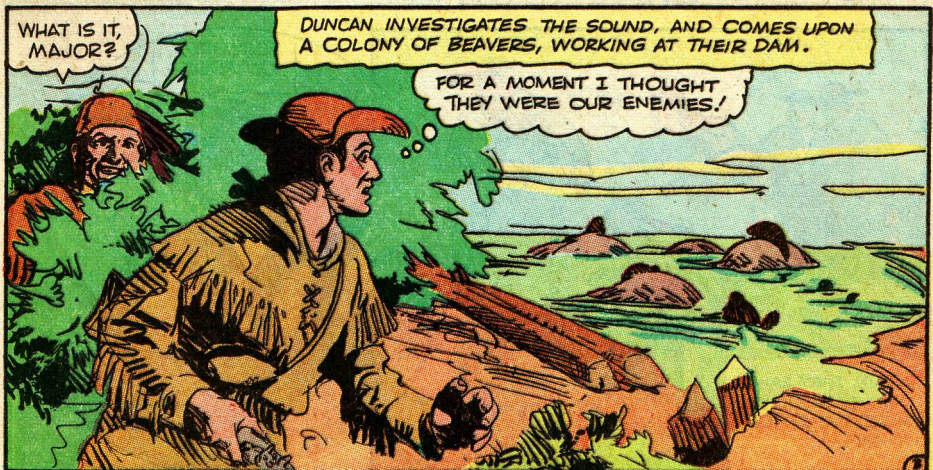
OUR MARCH HAS COME TO AN END. WE ARE IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY!

DO YOU THINK THE GIRLS ARE SAFE?



I THINK SO! EVEN A HURON WOULDN'T HARM A WOMAN -- UNLESS IT'S TO TOMAHAWK HER!

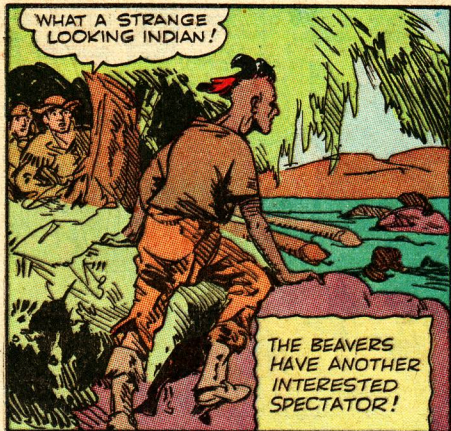
THAT'S COMFORTING, SURELY ----- SAY! DO YOU HEAR A STRANGE NOISE?



WHAT IS IT, MAJOR?

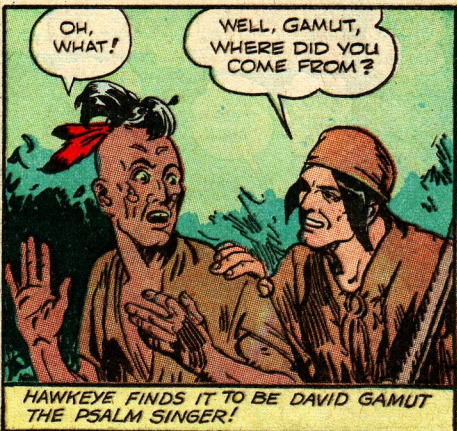
DUNCAN INVESTIGATES THE SOUND, AND COMES UPON A COLONY OF BEAVERS, WORKING AT THEIR DAM.

FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THEY WERE OUR ENEMIES!



WHAT A STRANGE
LOOKING INDIAN!

THE BEAVERS
HAVE ANOTHER
INTERESTED
SPECTATOR!



OH,
WHAT!

WELL, GAMUT,
WHERE DID YOU
COME FROM?

HAWKEYE FINDS IT TO BE DAVID GAMUT
THE PSALM SINGER!



WHERE ARE
THE
GIRLS?

ARE
THEY
SAFE?

MAGUA LEFT
ALICE WITH ONE
BAND, CORA
WITH ANOTHER.



I HAVE IT! I'LL DISGUISE
MYSELF AS AN INDIAN AND
GO WITH DAVID TO
FIND THEM!

THEY HOLD
ME SACRED
--SO, COME
ON!



MAKE ME LOOK
LIKE A REAL
INDIAN, IF
YOU CAN!

THAT HARD
-- BUT ME
TRY!

YOU'LL DO A
GOOD JOB,
ALL RIGHT!

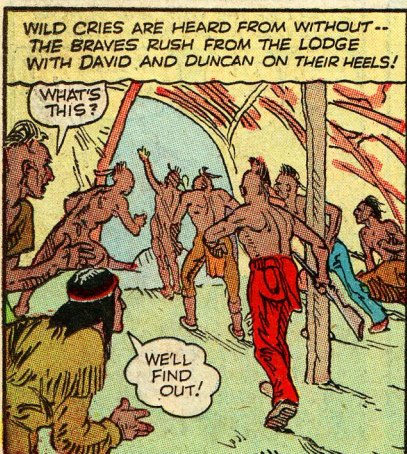
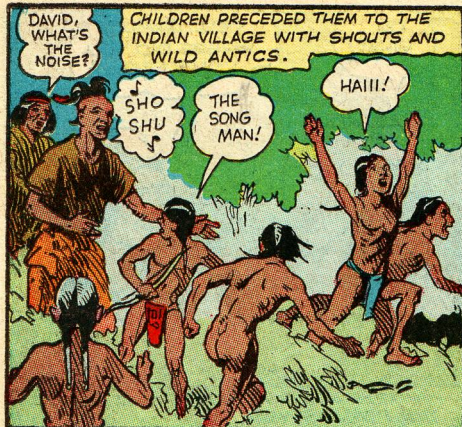


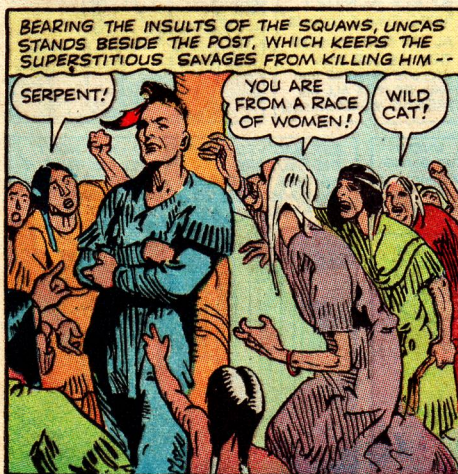
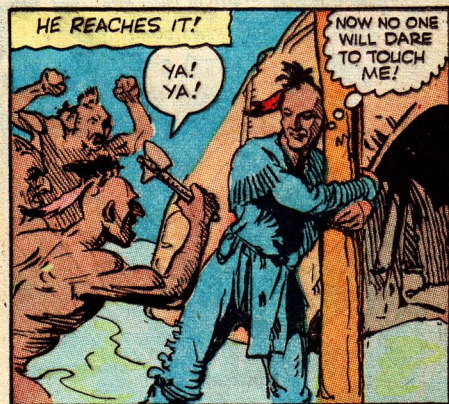
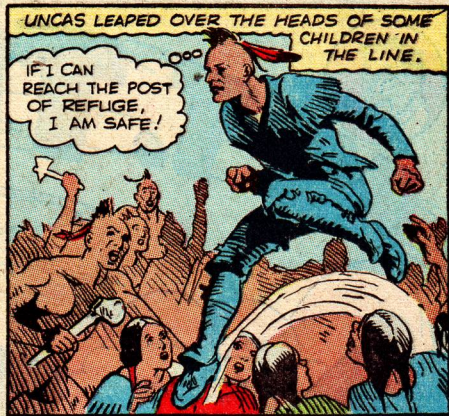
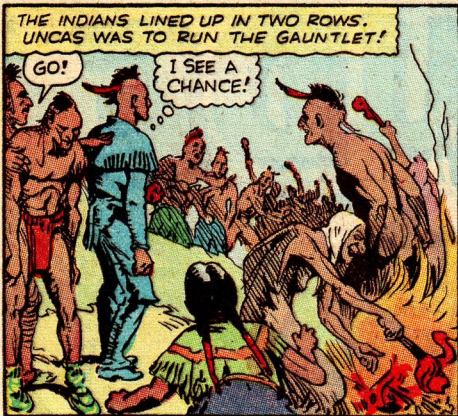
DAVID LED THE WAY, AND DUNCAN
FOLLOWED TO THE INDIAN VILLAGE.

GOOD
LUCK!

I'LL
NEED
IT!

WE'LL BE
ALL RIGHT!







AL T. TUDE

BY ART GATES

IT DOESN'T SAY
ANYTHING IN MY SCRIPT
ABOUT CUTTIN' TH' MOTOR
-- BUT TH' PILOT MUST
KNOW WHAT
HE'S DOIN'!

SPUT!
SPUT!

SPUT!

AL T. TUDE

HAS BEEN PERSUADED
TO ACCEPT THE JOB
OFFERED HIM IN
HOLLYWOOD BY THE
FAMOUS TEST PILOT,
"SPEED" KING,
WHO WAS IMPRESSED
BY AL'S ALMOST
"UNBELIEVABLE COURAGE."
AL HAS BEEN PROMISED
THAT HIS JOB WILL
INCLUDE DANGERS THAT
WILL BELITTLE ALL HIS
PREVIOUS MISADVENTURES!

NEXT STOP...
HOLLYWOOD!

(GULP!)
THAT'S
ME!

MEANWHILE ... TWO SEATS
IN FRONT OF AL

BOY! -- THAT BAG
WILL COME IN HANDY!
FOR THE JOB WE'RE
GOING TO DO, EH?
IT'S LOADED WITH
SOUP!

THERE'S ENOUGH
IN THERE TO
TAKE CARE OF
THIS WHOLE
BERG!

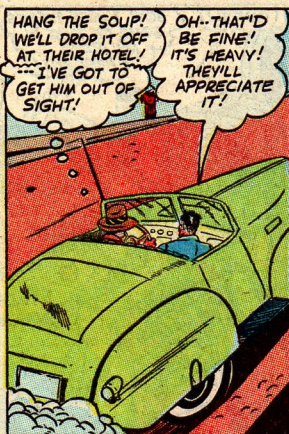
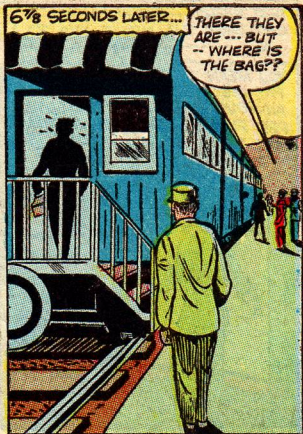
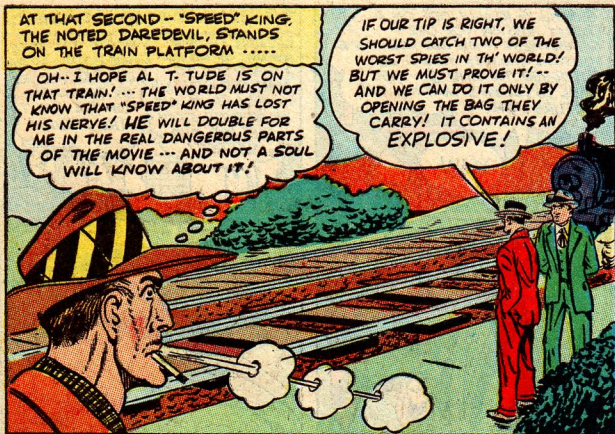
LITTLE DOES AL KNOW
THAT SOUP IN THE SLANG
OF GANGSTERS MEANS
NITRO-GLYCERINE --- THE
MOST DEADLY EXPLOSIVE
KNOWN TO MAN!

SOUP! YUM YUM! I'M
HUNGRY! WOULDN'T I
LOVE A BOWL OF
SOUP!

BUT, MAC! -- SUPPOSE
THE FBI, ARE
WAITING TO GRAB US!
THEY MIGHT OPEN
TH' BAG!

NO -- THEY WON'T!
-- I'LL ASK THAT
YOUNG FELLOW
BACK THERE TO
CARRY IT OFF
FOR US!

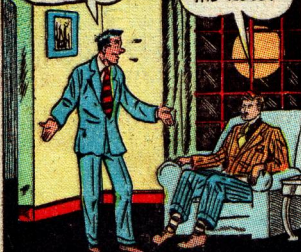




THAT NIGHT --"SPEED" KING
OUTLINES THE MOVIE JOB TO
AL-----

YOU MEAN YOU'LL
PAY ME A DOLLAR
AN HOUR--JUST
FER FLYING?--AN--
I'LL BE IN TH'
MOVIES?

YES, AN' ALL
THE WORLD
THINKS
KARL LUTZ,
THE EUROPEAN
FLIER, IS
PLAYING
THE ROLE!



BUT HE IS REALLY OFF ON A
SECRET MISSION FOR OUR
GOVERNMENT --HIS OLD COUNTRY'S
POLITICAL ENEMIES WOULD BE
SURPRISED TO FIND I ----NOT
KARL LUTZ, WAS MAKING THE
PICTURE. EH?

YEAH!



THE NEXT DAY THEY GO TO THE STUDIO--

BECAUSE OF THE
AMOUNT OF WORK--
I WIRED YOU TO
COME AND HELP ME
--WE'LL SPLIT THE
WORK FIFTY-FIFTY
--BUT IT'S OUR
SECRET!

GOOD! I'LL TAKE
THE SOUP--ALONG-
IN CASE WE GO
BY THE HOTEL
ON THE WAY TO
THE STUDIO!



AN HOUR LATER--

O.K.! MR. KING---
WE'RE READY TO
SHOOT THE KISS
SCENE-- COME ON,
MISS GLAMOUR!

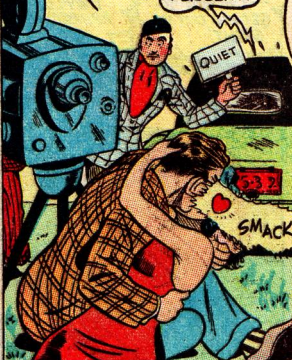
COMING!
NOW
KEEP OUT
OF SIGHT,
AL!



CAMERA!

BOY! I HOPE THERE'S
SOME OF THAT IN
MY FIFTY
PERCENT!

QUIET



O.K. NOW, LET'S
SHOOT SOME REAL
ACTION!

AL! GO IN
AND DO YOUR
STUFF---JUST
BE SURE AN'
PUT YOUR
GOGGLES ON
FIRST!

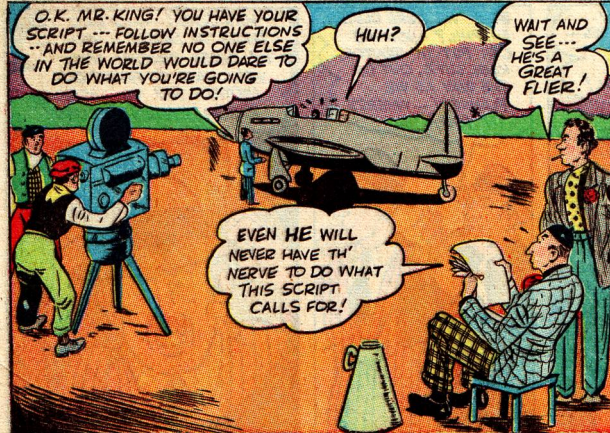


O.K. MR. KING! YOU HAVE YOUR
SCRIPT --- FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS
--AND REMEMBER NO ONE ELSE
IN THE WORLD WOULD DARE TO
DO WHAT YOU'RE GOING
TO DO!

HUH?

WAIT AND
SEE---
HE'S A
GREAT
FLIER!

EVEN HE WILL
NEVER HAVE TH'
NERVE TO DO WHAT
THIS SCRIPT
CALLS FOR!



OH-OH!... I LEFT
TH' BAG OF SOUP
OVER THERE -- TH'
CAR! -- I'D BETTER
GET IT!



ON A NEARBY HILL --- TWO MEN
WATCH THE PLANE EXPLODE!

◎ 哇!! THE BARON
GOT OUT --- THE
BOMB WAS
TIMED
WRONG!

WELL... I'VE
ALREADY
ARRANGED
ANOTHER
WAY, IN CASE
THIS FAILED!

I HAVE CONTACTED
TWO AVIATORS WHO
ARE FOLLOWERS OF
THE FUHRER! THEY
WILL HELP US! -- TO
LIQUIDATE BARON
LUTZ!

Meanwhile...

BOY! WHAT A CLOSE CALL!
NEARLY RUINED TH' CAMERAS!
...OH -- MR. KING -- UNTIL THEY
GET ANOTHER PLANE OUT,
WE'LL HAVE SOME TEA
AND SANDWICHES!

THAT'LL
BE
SWELL!

PSST! AL!

AL -- YOUR NERVES
MUST BE UPSET!
YOU REST! -- I'LL
TAKE OVER FOR
A WHILE!

HUH?!

GOSH, MR. KING!
-- YOU'RE NOT
EVEN SHAKING!
WHAT A LOT OF
NERVE YOU
HAVE!

LOT
OF
NERVE
IS
RIGHT

ALL IN A DAY'S
WORK, MY
DEAR!

AN HOUR PASSES ...

ALL SET -- WE'RE
READY FOR TH'
ACTION SHOTS!

O.K., AL!
-- GO IN
THERE AND
SHOW 'EM
SOME REAL
STUFF!

NO, SIR! I READ
PART OF THIS
SCRIPT -- NO ONE
COULD DO THIS
AND LIVE!

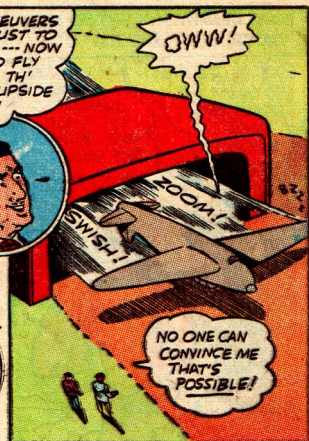
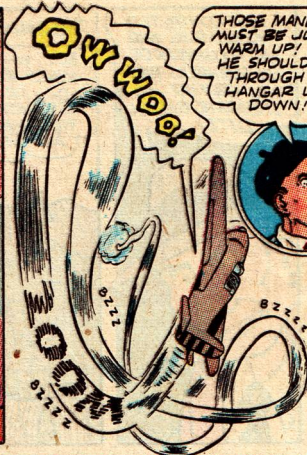
HO! SO YOU'RE
YELLOW! WELL,
I'LL GIVE YOU
AN EXTRA
DOLLAR AN HOUR
IF YOU JUST
TRY IT!

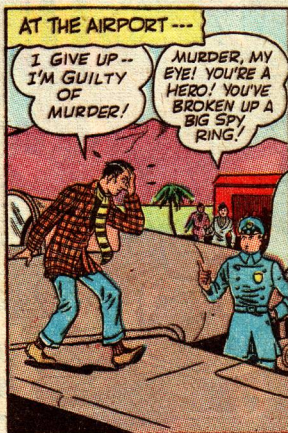
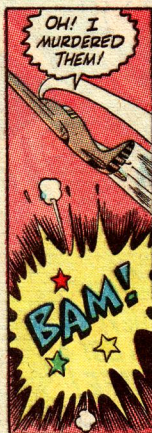
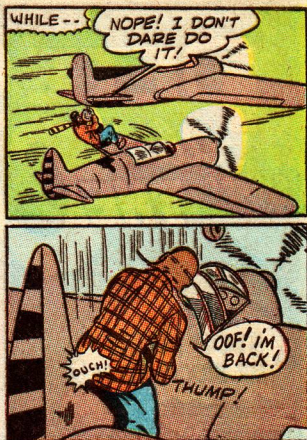
WELL -- I GUESS I'LL
TRY ANYTHING FOR
TWO DOLLARS AN
HOUR! I KNEW TH'
MOVIES PAID WELL --
-- BUT NOT
THAT WELL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER ---
AT TEN THOUSAND FEET---

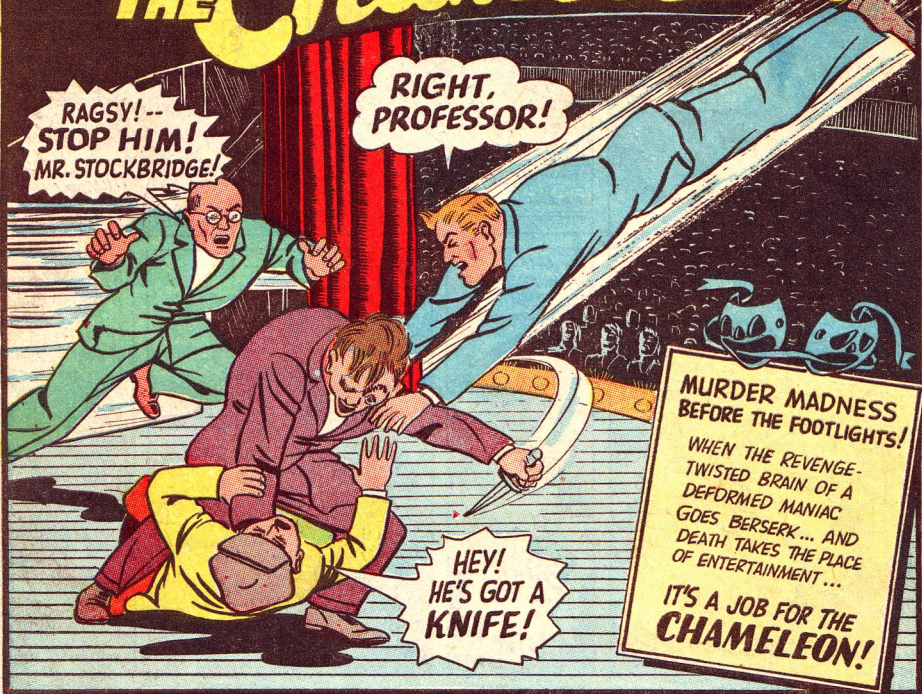
---I--I--DON'T DARE
DO THIS --- I'M SCARED
---I CAN GO THROUGH
WITH IT!

BUT AT THAT
SECOND ---
FATE STEPS IN!





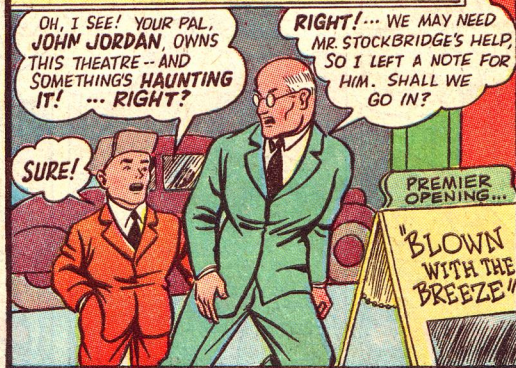
PETE STOCKBRIDGE- alias "THE Chameleon"



IN THE HOME OF **PETER STOCKBRIDGE**, **RAGSY** AND HIS PROFESSOR ARE HARD AT WORK WHEN THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY A PHONE CALL FOR THE PROFESSOR ...



PROFESSOR WILBUR EXPLAINS ON THE WAY ...



THE PLAY BEGINS!

GET OUT OF HERE!
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

WHAM

JOHN TOLD US TO
SEE HIM AFTER THE
SHOW ... WONDER
WHAT'S UP?

ME,
TOO!

THE FINAL ACT ... AND OUT
OF THE WINGS COMES ---

WHAT?

NOW!
MY
REVENGE!

GET AWAY!
STOP! HELP!

YOU
DIE!

EE-EEE-EEE-EK!

MANY YEARS
I'VE WAITED FOR
THIS CHANCE!

AGRRR!

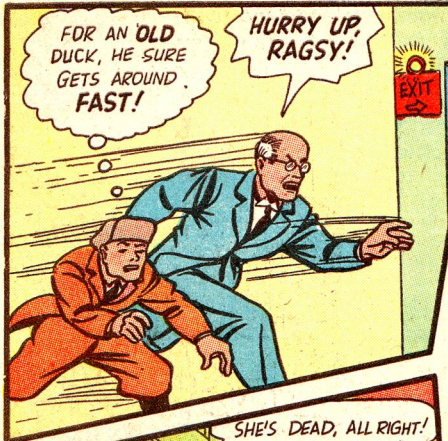
NOW!

CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!

BUT, IN THE FRONT ROW,
RAGSY AND THE PROFESSOR
HAVE SEEN MORE THAN
THE OTHERS!

THAT WASN'T
ACTING! THAT
WAS REAL!

C'MON,
PROFESSOR!
BACKSTAGE!



FOR AN OLD DUCK, HE SURE GETS AROUND FAST!

HURRY UP, RAGSY!



BACKSTAGE!

JOHN, THERE YOU ARE! WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

GEORGE! MIGHTY TERRIBLE THINGS ARE GOING ON! LOOK OVER THERE!



SHE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! WHO DID IT, JOHN?

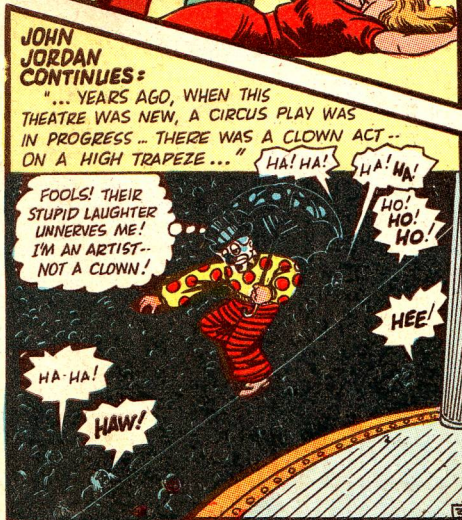
IT'S THE DEMON THAT HAUNTS THIS PLACE! HE'LL TAKE HIS REVENGE ON ANYBODY!

GOLLY!

... I RECENTLY INHERITED THIS OLD PLACE -- VACANT FOR TEN YEARS -- AND, AGAINST THE ADVICE OF MY ATTORNEYS, PUT IT UP FOR RENT. THERE'S A STORY THAT IT'S HAUNTED, BUT, UNTIL TODAY, I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT! NOW, UNLESS YOU CAN HELP ME, I'M RUINED! ...



"SUDDENLY, THE LAUGHING AUDIENCE SAW A NEW TRICK ... THE CLOWN SEEMED TO DIVE -- OR FALL FROM THE WIRE ... AND CRASH TO THE FLOOR BELOW! ...



JOHN JORDAN CONTINUES:

"... YEARS AGO, WHEN THIS THEATRE WAS NEW, A CIRCUS PLAY WAS IN PROGRESS ... THERE WAS A CLOWN ACT -- ON A HIGH TRAPEZE ..."

HA! HA!

HA! HA!

FOOLS! THEIR STUPID LAUGHTER UNNERVES ME! I'M AN ARTIST -- NOT A CLOWN!

HA-HA!

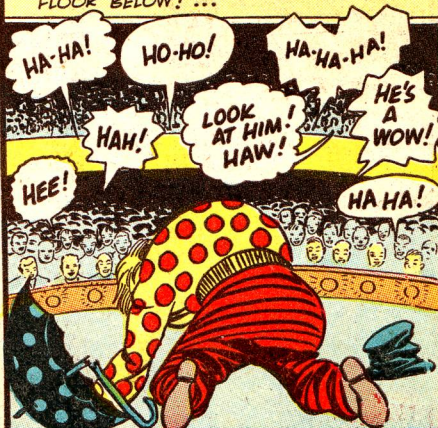
HAW!

HA! HA!

HO! HO!

HO! HO!

HEE!



HA-HA!

HO-HO!

HA-HA-HA!

HAH!

LOOK AT HIM! HAW!

HE'S A WOW!

HA HA!

"THEIR FIRST REACTION WAS SURPRISE -- BUT, AS THEY SAW THE CLOWNISH FIGURE START TO RISE, THEIR LAUGHTER INCREASED. THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A STUNT!"

THE STAGE HANDS REALIZED WHAT WAS UP, AND PUT OUT THE LIGHTS... BUT WHEN THEY WENT FOR HIM, HE WAS GONE! HE HAD CRAWLED AWAY AND HIDDEN HIMSELF --- BROKEN BY THEIR LAUGHTER IN MIND AND IN BODY!

AND YOU THOUGHT IT WAS A FAIRY TALE UNTIL TODAY!
--- I SEE!

PROFESSOR! HERE'S PETE!

PETE STOCKBRIDGE -- ALIAS THE CHAMELEON, ALWAYS READY FOR ACTION, SAW THEIR NOTE AND DROPPED EVERYTHING TO SPEED AFTER THEM.

HE ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE, WHO HAVE ALREADY BEEN CALLED!

WHERE'S THE BODY?

WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

MR. JORDAN -- OVER THERE!

RAGSY! TRUST YOU TO BE HERE! WHAT IS THIS?

OKAY, BILL!

YOU TALK TO THE KID. I'LL GET HOLD OF JORDAN!

PETE! BOY! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE! WHAT EXCITEMENT!

RAGSY QUICKLY TELLS THE STORY!

COME ON! WE'LL LOOK AROUND!

AND HE MUST BE UP IN THOSE RAFTERS SOMEWHERE!

HE MUST BE UP THERE, ALL RIGHT!

MY MEN WILL FIND HIM! I'VE SENT SOME UP THERE!

HEY!

SUDDENLY...

WOW! HE'S GOT BILL!

JEEPERS!

THE DIRTY --! WE'RE HELPLESS!

... A TERRIBLE SCREAM RENDS THE AIR! THEY LOOK UP, AND -----

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!

NO SMOKING

THE POLICEMAN FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, AND HITS THE STAGE!

NOW --
LAUGH, WHY
DON'T YOU?
LAUGH AT
HIM!
HA! HA! HA!

BILL!
I'LL GET HIM
FOR YOU -- IF
IT'S THE LAST
THING I
DO!

THUD!

AFTER HIM!
HE CAN'T
GET FAR!

MAYBE NOT!
BUT DON'T FORGET
HE'S BEEN LIVING
IN HERE FOR
YEARS!

HURRY!
YOU FOOLS!
CHASE ME!
HA! HA! HA!

NO ONE
WILL LAUGH
AT ME AGAIN!
I'M AT HOME
IN HIGH PLACES!
NOW!
HURRY!

SENSING THAT PETE IS RUNNING
HEADLONG INTO TROUBLE, RAGSY LEAPS
FOR THE CURTAIN --- CLIMBS UP!

TH' GUY'S CRAZY!
HE'LL TOSS PETE OFF
UP THERE LIKE
NOTHIN'! I'D
BETTER BE
ON HAND!

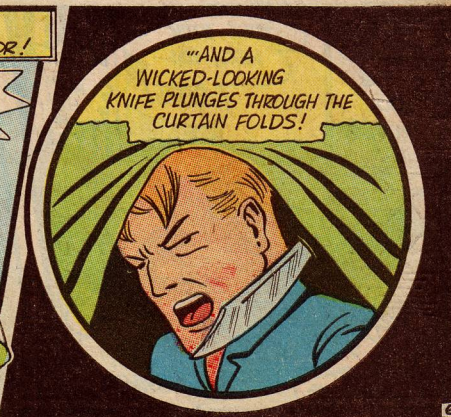
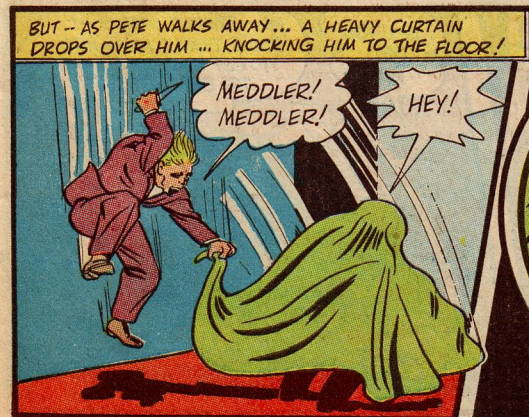
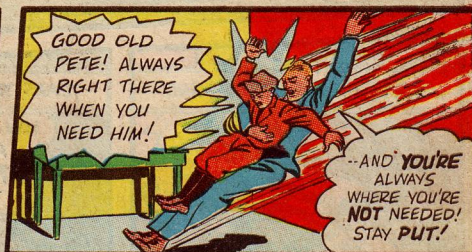
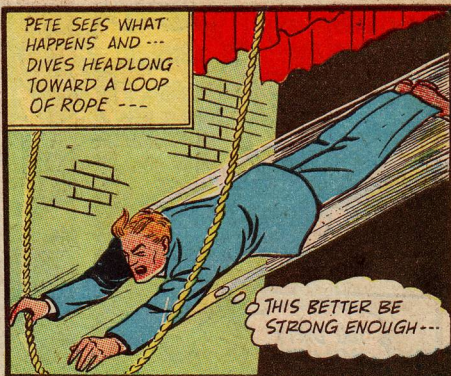
THIS SURE
SAVED A LOT
OF TIME!

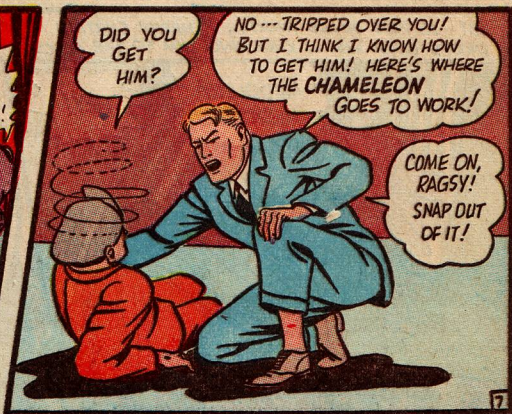
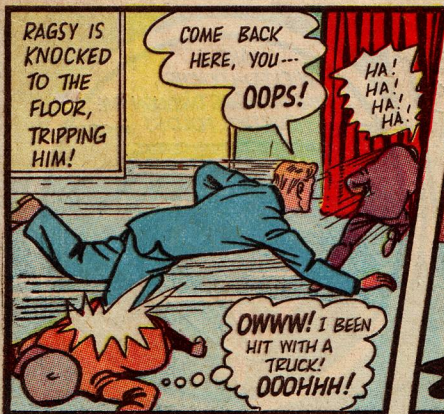
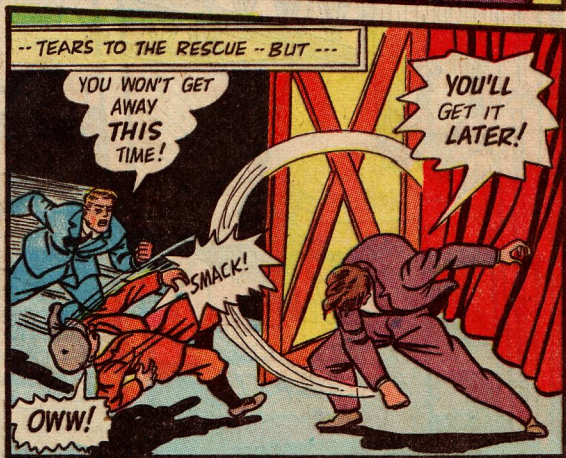
SWINGING TO ONE OF THE
THE THIN GIRDETS ON THE
SET PAINTER'S BRIDGE...

RAGSY RUNS ACROSS THE GIRDER TO KEEP
HIS BALANCE --- WHEN -----

YOU
LITTLE ---!

HOLY
COW!





THE PAIR GO BACKSTAGE TO ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS!

WHAT'S COOKING?

IF I CAN MAKE MYSELF THE TARGET OF THE KILLER, THEN WE'LL HAVE HIM!

FIRE SCENE

WHEN HE SEES ME MAKING FUN OF HIM, HE OUGHT TO BURN UP LIKE A FLARE BOMB!

A FEW MINUTES LATER!...

HOW DO I LOOK, RAGSY?

HOLY SMOKE! WHAT A PUSS!

YEA!

THAT EVENING - DURING THE PERFORMANCE ...

STAGE

I'LL HIDE HERE UNTIL THE RIGHT TIME!

OKAY, PETE! GOOD LUCK!

LATER - AT THE RIGHT MOMENT ...

HERE I COME! READY OR NOT!

IT'S THE DEVIL, HIMSELF!

HELP!

BOO!

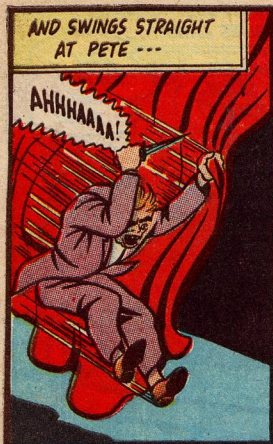
WHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE ---

AANGHHH! MAKING FUN OF ME! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!

THE MANIAC MAKES A MAD DIVE FOR THE CURTAIN ----

AND SWINGS STRAIGHT
AT PETE ---

AHHHAAA!



BUT PETE TURNS ---

NOW!



---AND DIVES AT THE KILLER!

THIS TIME
I'LL GET
YOU!

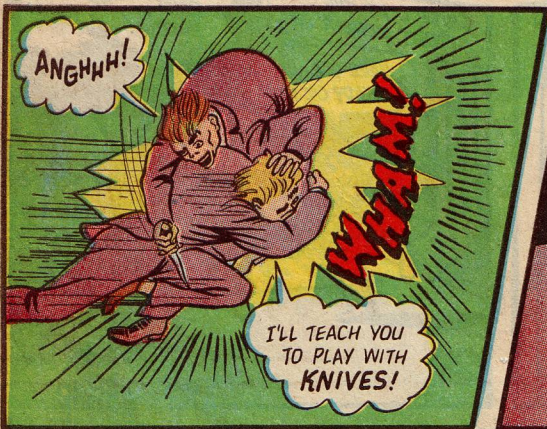
NYAAAAA!



ANGHHH!

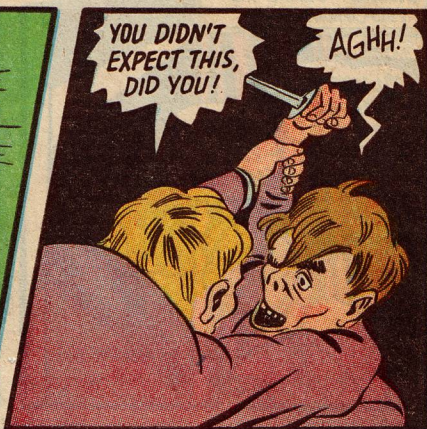
WHAM!

I'LL TEACH YOU
TO PLAY WITH
KNIVES!



YOU DIDN'T
EXPECT THIS,
DID YOU!

AGHH!

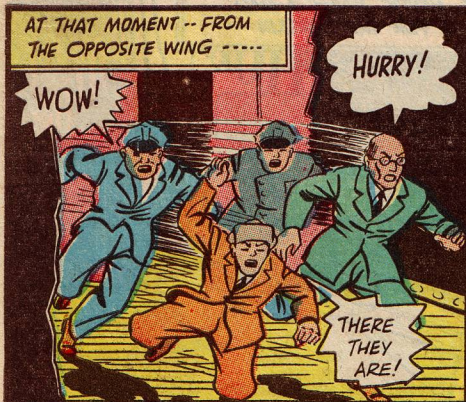


AT THAT MOMENT -- FROM
THE OPPOSITE WING ----

WOW!

HURRY!

THERE
THEY
ARE!



BUT, WITH A MIGHTY SURGE OF STRENGTH,
THE KILLER PULLS AWAY!--- JUST AS
RAGSY TRIPS OVER A STAGE PROP,
PILING UP THE POLICE BEHIND HIM.

GET
HIM!

LOOK
OUT!

HEY!

C'MERE!

YOU'LL NEVER
CATCH ME IN
THIS THEATRE!
HA! HA!

OOPS!



UP A BACKSTAGE GIRDER
THE FIEND SCRAMBLES!---

THIS IS
MY
THEATRE
NOW!
NO ONE
WILL EVER
USE IT
WHILE
I
LIVE!

--- AND RACES
ACROSS A
BEAM, HIS OLD
PROWESS
SERVING HIM
IN GOOD
STEAD!

AH--- THERE
YOU ARE!
THIS IS A
CINCH!

QUICKLY PETE PICKS UP A
CURTAIN-WEIGHT SAND BAG
AND -----

NOW, BROTHER --YOU'LL
PAY FOR THOSE
LIVES YOU'VE TAKEN!

--- CONNECTS! --KNOCKING
THE MANIAC FROM HIS PERCH!

NO! -- NO!
NOOOOoooo!

THAT FALL WAS
HIS **LAST!**
NOW JOHN JORDAN
WILL BE ABLE TO
RENT THIS THEATRE
FOR ENTERTAINMENT
INSTEAD OF **DEATH!**
I'LL COVER THE BODY
WITH THIS
CURTAIN!

CRASH!

RAGSY AND THE POLICE WHO HAD
DISENTANGLED THEMSELVES FROM
THEIR PILE-UP, DASH IN,
MOMENTARILY CONFUSED ---

GOOD
BOY!

HERE HE IS!
I'VE GOT
HIM!

HEY!
WAIT!

HE'S
KILLED
PETE!

---BUT THE SCRAMBLE KNOCKS
LOOSE PETE'S MAKE-UP, AND ---

PETE! GOSH!
I THOUGHT ---
LOOKS LIKE
MR. JORDAN'S
WORRIES ARE
OVER, EH, PAL?

SURE DOES!
THIS IS A GOOD
THEATRE ... HE'LL
HAVE NO MORE
TROUBLE NOW,
THANKS TO
YOU!

RIGHT! BUT I CAN'T
HELP FEELING SORRY FOR
THAT POOR DEVIL ... BUT,
THERE CAN BE NO
COMPROMISE WITH JUSTICE!

**SOME
EXCITEMENT!**

----EH, KIDS?

...AND MORE TO
COME IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE!

YES, SIR!

**PETE AND RAGSY
ARE DUE FOR
ANOTHER
SLAM-BANG
ADVENTURE
IN
THE NEXT**

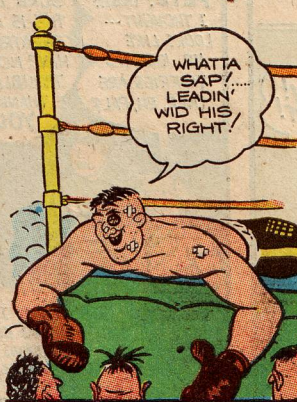
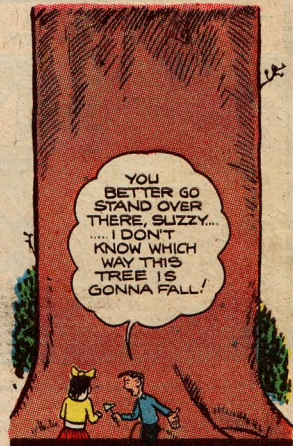
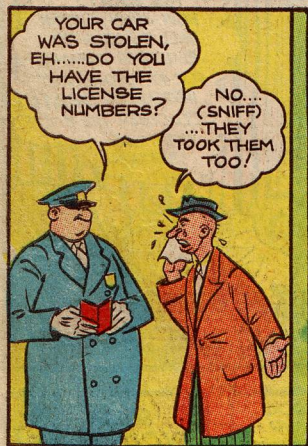
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IT DEFIES GRAVITY!

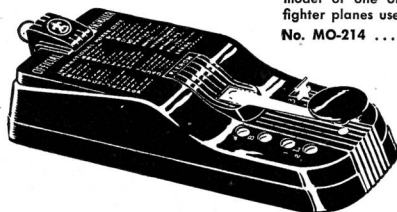
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No. MO-21420c



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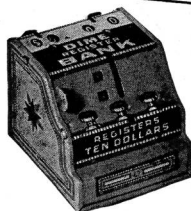
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No. MO-195...15c

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